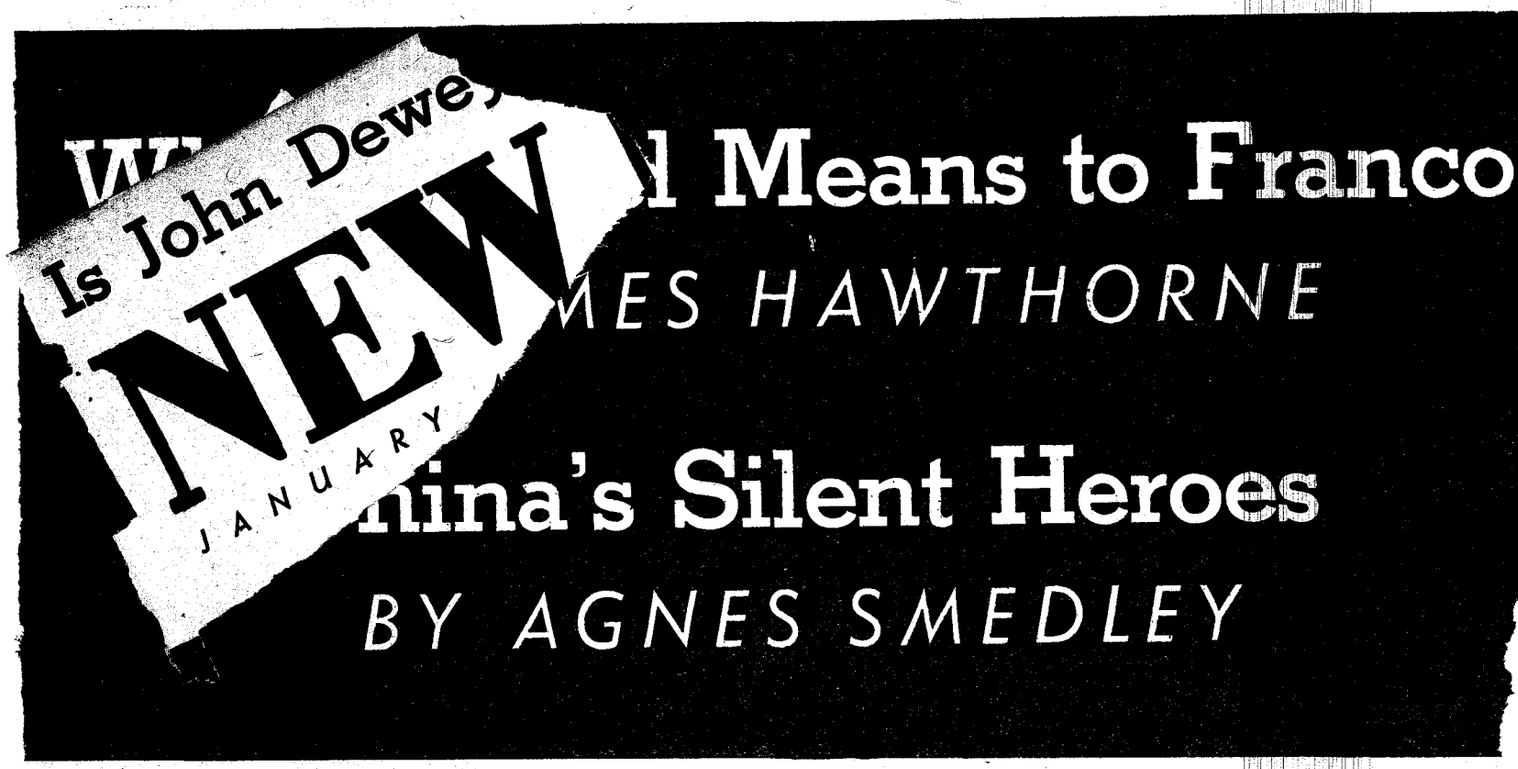
v Honest? by Robert Forsythe

MASSES

4, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COP



Why Not Recovery?

THE SECOND OF TWO ARTICLES

By Lowell E. Willis

Don't Do This But Don't Do That by Albert Bein

Holland Has a Führer Too by Barrie Stavis

The D. A. R. Youth Campaign by M. B. Schnapper

Christmas in Bethlehem, Pa. by Perry Noble

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE second monthly literary supplement will appear as part of ext week's issue, and will consist of nirty-two pages. . . . There's one nistake in the foregoing sentence. According to a ruling of the post office, we may not call our regular monthly literary supplement a literary supplement, but a literary *section.* However, only the name changes, and the section will be thirty-two pages, as stated. The contents are as follows:

Three pieces of fiction: "The Company," by Thomas Wolfe, being part of a forthcoming novel; "A Gun Is Watered," by Ted Allan, a short story of the Lincoln Brigade in Spain; "Pickup," by Saul Levitt, a proletarian romance.

Four critical articles: "Nikolai Ostrovski," by Joshua Kunitz; "Ralph Bates," by Dorothy Brewster; "Modern Poetry," by Dorothy Van Ghent; "Twenty Years of the Soviet Theater," by H. W. L. Dana.

The "Gypsy Ballads" of Garcia Lorca, famous Spanish poet murdered by the fascists, in a notable translation by Langston Hughes, together with an introduction by Rafael Alberti, also translated by Hughes.

We're still hunting for a name, but in the meantime we've decided to call our night of music, on Sunday, February 6, "We've Got the Tune" night. Perhaps you have a better suggestion for an evening which will show the concrete application of music to various phases of the arts and of modern life. Here's the idea. Marc Blitzstein will stage his anti-fascist satire, *I've Got the Tune*, to show how music is applied to the radio. Aaron Copland's *Second Hurricane* will dramatize music in the theater. Paul Bowles will illustrate the application of music to a film scenario. Carlos Chavez and Alex North have composed music for the modern dance to which Anna Sokolow and those recent Broadway debut under the NEW MASSES auspices created much favorable comment) will perform. Hallingford Riegger's compositions will be played on two pianos. A ballet group, as yet unnamed, will dance to the music of Elliot Carter, Jr., and Virgil Thomson. Count Basie's famous band will show trends in swing. Count Basie, incidentally, promises to swing Blitzstein's hit song, "I've Got the Tune," from the operetta of the same name. And Earl Robinson will direct a choral group in songs especially adapted for use on the picket-line.

What's What

THE National Research League of Chicago informs us that "As a result of the brief comment in a recent NEW MASSES on our November publication [Illinois Labor Notes, issue of November 30], we received scores of letters from all sections of the country. Requests for copies of the Japanese boycott list came to us from Ithaca, N. Y., Philadelphia, San Francisco, Bucks County, Pa., Minneapolis, and Edwardsville, Ill. A wealthy farming town near the Missouri border. We have just published, as a result of the tremendous demand, 5000 copies of the boycott list which we shall sell at one cent a copy." Copies may be obtained from the League at 184 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill. The League's December issue begins a series of articles on the Chicago *Tribune,* "the most hated newspaper in the Middle West."

In renewing his subscription, M. Feinzeig of New York writes that he considers the NEW MASSES "far superior not only to most of the rich, expensive, widely advertised, picture-bedecked magazines, but even in comparison with the more serious magazines the NEW MASSES is quite outstanding for its reading matter, for its honesty, courage, and fighting spirit. In fact the NEW MASSES is too good. . . . That is its only shortcoming." That, however, does not mean that the NEW MASSES is beyond criticism, for this correspondent finds that occasionally our articles are too full of "academic ex
"not only a gr
understanding,
the reading tiresom
ing. . . . The short stories
of a more varied character. . .
poetry is too abstract and dry. . .
Present-day life is so hard, cheerless, and drab that a nice short story or a bit of sincerely written poetry helps to dispel the gloominess of reality."

S. B. has this acid comment: "I think that review of Shaw's *Siege* perhaps the most successful piece ever published in the NEW MASSES, if its intention was to alienate the author beyond redemption and make him incontrovertibly disgusted with the N. M." The review was a failure, since that certainly was not its purpose. We doubt that Mr. Shaw feels that way about it, but he certainly hasn't told us one way or the other.

Anton Refregier's painting, *Hunger* (reproduced on page 19), is part of
whi
ral History
which have appeared in
closes on January 2.

Who's Who

JAMES HAWTHORNE, who has been the NEW MASSES correspondent in Spain for the past year, has recently returned. . . . Agnes Smedley, author of *China's Red Army Marches,* was for many years before Hitler's seizure of power, the China correspondent of the Frankfurter *Zeitung.* . . . Albert Bein's contribution is a chapter from *Rogues' Parade,* an autobiographical novel upon which Mr. Bein is at present working. It is based on his experiences while serving a term in the Missouri Penitentiary. . . . Barrie Stavis is a playwright and author of *The Sun and I,* written with the collaboration of Leona Stavis. . . . C. F. MacIntyre is the author of a volume of poems published by Macmillan last year. . . . It isn't often that our correspondents identify themselves, but Albert Pezzati says: "I only regret you didn't start your poetry discussion a couple of weeks earlier when I would have had more time to think it out as I cooled my heels in Jersey City jail, where I was among the organizers given five days for invading Mayor Hague's little empire. Since then I've come up here [Niagara Falls, N. Y.] as representative of District 50, United Mine Workers of America, and while the air is more conducive to thoughts of poetry, there isn't much time."

Flashbacks

"A MAN of almost childlike simplicity of character, and at the same time one of the few born leaders of men," said Engels in paying tribute to materialist-philosopher Robert Owen who ushered in the nineteenth century (and, as he thought, a new era) by establishing a model community at New Lanark, January 1, 1800. . . . Something of a new era for the Negroes of Haiti did begin on New Year's day four years later. On January 1, 1804 the Republic of Haiti declared its independence from France. . . . On the first day of January in 1831 another event of major importance took place: in Boston William Lloyd Garrison published the first issue of his abolitionist paper, the *Liberator.* . . . And thirty-two years later to a day, Lincoln's emancipation proclamation became effective—January 1, 1863. . . . Thinking to start the New Year right, indeed very far to the Right, Attorney General Palmer conducted his "Red raids" in the early days of 1920. Determined to head off impending revolution, Palmer arrested 2758 radicals, seized armaments totalling in the aggregate—three pistols.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
JANUARY 4, 1938

What Teruel Means to Franco

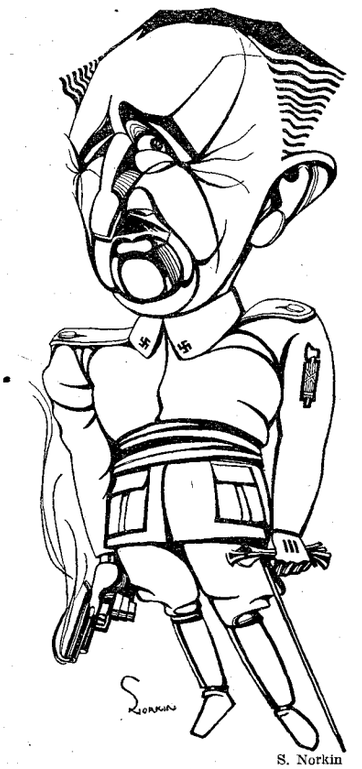
By James Hawthorne

THE fall of Teruel hurts rebel Spain with a force out of all proportion to the mountain city's importance. It is number four on the list of major "nationalist" disasters. The first setback was the initial failure of the military-fascist coup as such. That fiasco determined the ascendency of Franco over the other candidates for insurgent dictator-in-chief because it called for the use of his Moors in a mountain campaign. But the Moors failed to get through the Guadarramas to Madrid, and this second check threw the fascist generals completely on the mercy of Hitler and Mussolini. German-Italian planes, tanks, artillery, machine-guns, and troops were provided on a large scale for the Madrid campaign. Then, on November 7, the rebels came to grief at the gates of the magnificent Spanish capital. Eight successive head-crackings on the Madrid wall, including the spectacular rout of the Italian infantry at Guadalajara followed.

That crack-up—number three on the mourning list—compelled them to face the prospect of a long war which would positively require some measure of civilian support. For more than a year they have labored to build a political structure that would induce Spaniards in rebel territory to share the illusion of a "holy" and "patriotic" war. The foundation of this edifice was the propaganda-machine with its tale of uninterrupted rebel victories and an early final triumph. The fall of Teruel has introduced a new phase in the fortunes of the Spanish rebels, one that is certain to grow in importance as our perspective increases.

Franco fell with Teruel. The feeble internal position of the diminutive general could not stand another blow, and one military defeat was enough to destroy his last claim to leadership. Whether he remains titular head of the pompous "totalitarian" Spanish "state" or not, is quite beside the point. It may be necessary to carry him along as an all-round face-saving device. But in practical fact he is done.

We have become so accustomed to referring to "Franco's Spain" and to "Franco's forces" that almost no one is aware of the actual truth. The truth is that Franco has never had the undivided allegiance of any of the rebel forces, nor full authority in any part of Spain. When General José Sanjurjo was killed in a plane crash at the very outset



General Franco

of the military-fascist rising, it was by no means clear who would head the movement. Franco's claim was very slight. Had the coup itself been successful, he would almost certainly have been relegated to an obscure post. He had been war minister under Gil Robles, true; but the Jesuit politician was in disgrace and his appointees shared the shadow. Franco did not, therefore, enjoy the support of the clerical element. The clerical power is wielded by those militant knights of Navarre—the Requetes—under the direct inspiration of the Vatican. Their choice was the former police chief of the monarchy, General Emilio Mola. Army allegiance was further divided among a score of officers, and the radio-general of Seville, Queipo de Llano, had the undisputed backing of the landed barons and *caciques* of Andalusia. Franco, as the coup petered out, had a strong card to play: the Moors. That made his chances equal with, but not superior to, those of Mola or Queipo. In the early months of the war their rival claims actually hampered simple military operations. When the Italians and Germans first threw in their planes, tanks, artillery, and machine guns, the foreign staffs insisted on unity of command. Franco was the selection of the Nazis and Blackshirts. His star was hitched to the Italian chariot.

No doubt Franco squirmed under the insolent tutelage of the Fascisti. He consoled himself with the argument that he could, eventually, be the real balance of power in Spain by playing off England against Italy. This feeble dream is a reflection of the British imperial illusion fostered by Baldwin and Chamberlain, who held that non-intervention successfully protects British interests because, once Franco has won the war through its aid, they can buy him back from Mussolini. Franco likewise thought he could escape Italian bondage by selling himself to England. But when, recently, he appointed the half-British Duke of Alba as "Nationalist" agent to London, he succeeded only in losing the sympathies of the Italian staff and preparing his own downfall. The fall of Teruel provides the Italians with the excuse they needed for taking the reins entirely out of Franco's hands.

The dissolution in fact of the fascist "government." There now remains only a naked military dictatorship resting on foreign troops. Without the Italians and Nazis, the rebel front would have collapsed long ago. Now the foreign infantry must also do internal police duty or the artificial structure of the "nationalist government" will dissolve in full view of all. This situation is much less surprising and the facts behind it much less secret than might be supposed. Again we must look back a few months for the clue.

The first "government" set up in Spain was a "defense junta" at Burgos. It was established by General Mola without consultation with the rival generals and was in fact intended to head them off. Mola himself wanted civilian camouflage for it, but the bumptious staff could not think of one civilian in all Spain who might not conceivably balk at the sale of the nation to the bidders from Rome and Berlin. So the junta was formed of seven officers. This group was too closely related to the Vatican to suit the Italian staff, which thereupon assisted Franco in setting up a "totalitarian" government in Salamanca. Mola is dead, but the rivalry of the two governments remains to this day. There are ministries in Burgos and others in Salamanca,

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and the general staff has a special department which tries to obtain some sort of coöperation between the two. Meanwhile Queipo de Llano remains the semi-autonomous dictator of Andalusia. "Government" in rebel Spain has, therefore, always been a federation of military dictatorships loosely linked by common dependence on the backing of Berlin and Rome.

In the beginning there was the army, the Phalanx (fascists), and the Requetes (clerical militias). The small Phalanx threw its support to Franco because he had the Moors and Italians up his sleeve. The Phalanx now grew like wildfire, and its leaders became something of an independent power. But the growth of the Phalanx was due to an open-door policy which obviously permitted the entry of former trade-unionists and other elements "suspect" to the generals. It was necessary to avoid growth of any organization and above all to prevent popularization because that would inevitably lead to a political expression of dissatisfaction with the Italo-German invasion. So the Italians ordered Franco to dissolve the Phalanx. Franco reluctantly arrested the "old guard" leaders and delivered himself wholly into the hands of the foreign staffs. The decree of April 18, 1937, fusing the Phalanx and the Requetes and liquidating all other parties remained on paper. The antagonisms continued. In late summer, Franco finished the job. The "unitarian" political party was put under the thumb of the army: all commissioned and non-commissioned officers automatically acquired membership in the single party.

The late decree clarified many things. For a year the generals had been struggling to obtain some sort of mass support through the rightist political organizations. But just as soon as these organizations began to grow, they also came into conflict with the international fascist intruders and had to be liquidated. All Spanish bodies, clerical and fascist alike, could maintain independent existence only by resisting the Italian domination. Open opposition broke out at intervals, and only the argument that "nationalist" Spain was in fact winning, and would conclude the war within a few months, delayed the spread of the contagion. The fall of Teruel is a severe blow to the demagogues. Propaganda will no longer protect the dictatorship of the generals from the wrath of the people. The "nationalist" government will henceforth require the protection of Italian rifles.

A second war of independence is in the making behind the rebel lines. The hatred of the Italians and Germans is such common knowledge that it forms the basis of current rebel humor, and there is a whole folklore growing up around it. In 1808 a vague resentment against the French intruders swelled into popular rage in which all Spain "found" herself. There was then no common program of political action such as that of today's People's Front. The masses had no guarantee of material or cultural gains in return for their unprecedented sacrifices. The inhabitants of the various regions were not even accustomed to think of themselves as Spaniards. Yet the Napoleonic invasion stirred their latent pride of race and country; they *became Spaniards* and drove the invaders out. In our time the people of the peninsula are definitely Spaniards. They have a long political experience. They have found a magic formula—compounded of class wisdom and their own experience—for channelizing popular aspirations. Lastly, nearly eighteen months of war have demonstrated the difference between the way of the People's Front and that of the Rome-Berlin axis. All the censorship of Salamanca has not prevented some of the truth from reaching the people behind the rebel lines. They start with excitement at each evidence of the growing strength of the people's army. The repercussions of the conquest of Teruel suggest that a future big campaign by the loyalists—the capture of Saragossa, let us say—can launch the new war of independence.

Finally, the Teruel campaign demonstrates once and for all that the government has what it takes to win. The people's army is a better military instrument than the Italian regulars, Moorish shock-squads, fanatic crusaders, and hostile Phalangists who compose the rebel army. The men of the people's army are devoted and capable of feats the rebels dare not attempt. One thinks of the Great March of the Chinese Red Army when the conquest of Teruel is mentioned. This devotion of the Spanish people is the decisive factor and will prove more and more convincing in the long march that yet faces them. There is only one danger—forgetfulness on the part of Spain's friends. A blockade imposed by partisans of the government through negligence, pessimism, or over-confidence might drop the whole burden of this world struggle on a few Iberian shoulders. The conquest of Teruel comes to remind us that American anti-fascists are in the thick of the most serious fighting. We can and must contribute—less dangerously but yet actively—to *their* triumph and the triumph "of all progressive humanity."

Gardner Rea

"Automatic—just like a Horn and Hardart."

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China's Silent Heroes

By Agnes Smedley

WE met them first at the small town of Fengliangtao, just across the Yellow River from Tungkwan, the gateway to Shensi Province. We had kept our back to Fengliangtao as the junk made its way across the muddy yellow waters, and we turned our faces to the west in wonderment at the beauty before us. The majestic range of mountains to the south stood out, somber and blue, and behind them and to the west the sky was a blaze of glory. The sunset called expressions of wonderment from us. China is beautiful, we exclaimed.

With the spell of this beauty still upon us, we turned as our junk drew up to the mud banks before Fengliangtao, and stepped on land. Then we forgot the majestic mountains, forgot the gorgeous sunset, forgot all ideas of beauty. For before us, along the mud banks of the Yellow River, lay the huddled bodies of wounded soldiers. Some lay prostrate, groaning in suffering, and when we halted by their sides they pointed to wounds —not just one, but often many. Others not so badly wounded sat in rows. To the right and to the left of us they lay until our passage was a route bordered by suffering. We stepped over feet bound in bandages black with dirt and blood. We halted before men with face wounds, their old bandages clotted with dirt and blood. Some of the men were on the verge of death from gangrene. We passed further along the line into the streets of the small town. We made our way through the ranks of hundreds of wounded who limped along, each step a torture, some of them half doubled over in their efforts to still their suffering. Often the streets were blocked with the wounded and on all sides were bandaged heads, arms, legs, faces. Peasant carts came rumbling along filled with the wounded and they lifted their ashy faces to those who were going to the front from which they had just come. Many of the men had no winter overcoats, and none seemed to have blankets. The men lying along the banks of the river lay on the mud with nothing under them. They watched the junks before them, but no one took them across to Tungkwang where they would be put on trains and sent to hospitals to the east or to the west. The junks before them were being loaded first with boxes of merchandise. The wounded would be taken across after the merchandise was loaded! And that night hundreds were not taken across at all, but filled the streets, the roads, and the houses of the little town of Fengliangtao.

We talked with the wounded. There were from four to five hundred in this town that night. They had been wounded around Pinghsinkwan, on the Great Wall, around the third week of September, though they did not know the date and dates perhaps meant nothing to them. They had been transported the length of Shansi Province by peasant carts—from the third week in September to the third week in October. How many died on the way they did not know, but there were many. And often they were without food for two to three days. There were no doctors, no nurses, no first-aid workers with them. A military officer in the little town seemed to be in charge of their transport, but the only care they had came from the peasants who drove their wagons; or they attended to their own wounds. Their bandages showed that they had not had any medical care for days or perhaps weeks. They did not speak of this, but merely answered our questions, and it seems that they expected nothing. They walked or sat in pain, or they lay in the anguish of their wounds, but they made no demands. These wounded were men from the Shansi provincial army.

THE NEXT DAY we left by railway for Taiyuanfu. The wounded still filled the little town, or rather, the village. No organization cared for their wounds. It would be many days before they would reach a hospital, and clearly many would die before another day or two had passed.

As we rolled northward, trainloads of wounded passed us, the wounded sitting in open box-cars. Only the severely wounded or the very sick lay down. There was no room for others to lie down. They had no blankets and most of them no overcoats. Sometimes at night our train would halt by the side of a train filled with them. The light of the full moon shone on bandaged heads, arms, shoulders. Most of them were awake. The nights were cold, but they had no blankets and many no overcoats. They told us the name of their divisions and the places on the northern front where they were injured fighting the Japanese. Most of them were Shansi provincial troops, some central troops. They had been bandaged at some rear hospital and then put on the train and sent south. It had been days and sometimes a week or two before. No doctor, nurse, or first-aid worker was with them.

At one station our train drew up by the side of a train filled with the wounded and we alighted and went out to see what was happening. The wounded were alighting and standing in line. We followed the line into the railway station and up to an improvised counter behind which stood a lad about seventeen or eighteen years of age in a white apron. He was changing the bandages of the wounded. By his side was an ordinary suitcase, but there were bandages and medicine for only twenty or thirty more men. There were fully two hundred more waiting. The lad worked without stopping, lovingly and regretfully handling each bandage, trying to make it reach the needs of many. He said he had no more supplies, not enough for this load of wounded and none at all for others. The wounded anxiously awaited their turn. Those who were fortunate went away hopefully and with satisfaction. Those who were unfortunate soon turned away in silent misery, their faces sad beyond description.

Outside on the railway platform, facing the train of wounded, stood a crowd of Boy and Girl Scouts, and many townspeople. What they had done when the train first came in we did not know. Perhaps they brought bread and water to the wounded. But there was no sight of bread or water having been offered. The big crowd of people stood sorrowfully looking at the wounded, and sorrowfully the wounded gazed back. They did not talk to each other. The school children were pictures of sadness. We were at this station for a long time, and this group still stood looking at the wounded in sorrow, and the wounded looked back. When our train left, I watched as long as possible. The scene never changed. The train left sometime, of course, but I am certain the crowd remained, watching in sorrow. Perhaps some girl at last wept. Though we halted at many stations and talked with wounded in trains, this one place was the only one where there was a semblance of care for the wounded.

AS WE NEARED Taiyuan, the last evening, we halted at another station. Across the station platform units of young peasant men, organized in groups of about fifty, began to march away in the darkness. They had their own peasant leaders and they proudly carried banners which read: "Vanguards to defend the country," or "Give us back our

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Land." There were about four or five hundred of them in all and they each carried some little bundle across their shoulder, and a padded quilt. Some had small face towels tied about their heads, and all seemed to have come from the fields. They marched away into the darkness to a military training camp that accepts and trains new men for the Chinese armies of liberation.

On this same platform, now cleared of these marching volunteers, there came peasants, each with a volunteer badge, carrying big baskets of the round pancakes and steamed bread such as is eaten in the north. Others carried big jars of water. An official in charge of this caravan explained to us that this was food and water for eight hundred wounded soldiers of the central armies who were coming in a few minutes. These men had been wounded at Sinkow, a point about 180 li north of Taiyuan. Here south of Taiyuan an emergency hospital had been established, with ten doctors in charge. The only nurses were the townspeople, who had volunteered. They could do what the doctors ordered. The bread and water was not enough for eight hundred men, the official admitted, but then most of the wounded did not get this much as a rule. It was a miserable situation, he admitted. The emergency hospital had bandages for only three hundred men, and not enough medicine for three hundred. He and the station master, as well as other railway men in other places, said that one thousand wounded are transported south each day, and that there is not even half enough medicine or bandages to supply their needs. They always go without doctors or nurses to help them. Men from this emergency hospital would also soon be transported south.

One thousand wounded a day. Thirty thousand a month. Yet this was not all. In the next days we talked with medical officials in Taiyuan, and visited some of the base hospitals. There are eighteen hospitals in Shansi Province for the wounded, built to accommodate five to six thousand men. They now are filled with fifteen thousand wounded. There is not one X-ray. They have not enough bandages, not even enough surgical instruments, not half enough medicine. One doctor does the work of a dozen men and the nurses work in a similar manner. The doctors begin work at four in the morning and they end their work late at night. They have no time to train new nurses. There is but one emergency training school for nurses in Taiyuan, and only one hundred young men and women students are studying in it. The course is only three months. There is no training for first-aid work at all, we were told.

In the 10th Base Army Hospital in Taiyuanfu are thirteen hundred wounded. This month this hospital cared for seven thousand wounded, last month for five thousand. The death rate is from 10 to 20 percent, many men dying from tetanus and from loss of blood. There is no blood transfusion, and there is no tetanus anti-toxin serum. Along the north Shansi battle front, extending for hundreds of li, there are only seven motor trucks transporting the wounded. Others are picked up by the people or by the soldiers, put on boards or the doors of houses, and carried for days to some medical station. Dr. Chang Nai-hsiang, surgeon in the 10th Base Hospital, said that one of the greatest problems is that of transport. Large numbers of men die before they reach the hospital, or any medical unit. There is also a large death rate from tetanus. To this add the fact that there are no X-rays, no blood transfusion, and insufficient bandages and medicine, none or few splints, only a sprinkling of doctors and nurses and none at all for the wounded sent by train or cart to the south, and you have some little idea of the picture along the northwestern front.

Nor does this complete the picture by far. For the wounded that fill the trains to the south, and the wounded in the hospitals in Shansi are from three forces only: the Shansi provincial army, some of General Fu Tso-yi's army, a few Tungpei cavalrymen, and the men from central government armies. The wounded of the Tungpei cavalry, some of General Fu's troops, and the entire Eighth Route Army, are not included in the wounded in this region. The Eighth Route Army is fighting behind the front lines of the Japanese, so that the Japanese are between them and Taiyuanfu. They have their own medical service and bases, but what their condition is we do not yet know.

The director of the medical department in army headquarters in Taiyuanfu, and Dr. Chang Nai-hsiang and other doctors in charge of the 10th Base Hospital told us their urgent needs. With the problems of all China in view, these are colossal. Apart from doctors, nurses, battlefield rescue workers, they long for just two X-ray machines (one Neoscope or Cooliman, and one Coolifero or Coolinaxos); two quartz lamps, two short-wave therapy machines, ten oxygen cylinders, two pulmotors, ten tubes of oxygen liquid, ten haemacytometers, ten Erkameter precision blood-pressure manometers, ten extension apparatuses for legs and arms, ten extension tables, twenty steam sterilizers, one thousand artery forceps, five hundred dressing scissors of straight form; five hundred dressing scissors, curved form; one thousand operation, two diathermy apparatuses, one thousand amp. of Werch's serum (Gasgangreen), one thousand amp. of anti-tetanus serum at 10 c.c.; five thousand pounds of absorbent gauze and twenty thousand pounds of absorbent cotton. They need, further, for each base hospital two hundred each month of Thomas's splints, Jones's splints, Gunning's interdental splints, and Middledorpf splints; grope surgical instruments, surgical instruments for the eye, surgical instruments of N. E. T. They need one group each of blood transfusion instruments, Pacquenlin's cautery, dental instruments, autoclave sterilizers, large quantities of rubber cloth, rubber gloves of various sizes; hypodermic syringes and needles in quantity, large quantities of adhesive plaster, quantities of surgical catgut, a Dakin's syringe each, at least; large quantities of glucose (50 percent) for intravenous injections, luminal, codein, mercurochrome in great quantities, iodine, lysol, alcohol, hydrogen peroxide, and Blaud's pills.

These are huge orders. But the situation along the northwestern front is a dangerous and serious one. Large numbers of wounded die in silence on the battlefield, on mountain sides and at mountain passes, and on the plains throughout the northwest. The wounded say they do not mind the rifles and machine guns, for they have a chance against them and they have no fear of them. It is the field guns that destroy them from afar that they hate and that take their fearful toll of wounded and dead. But despite this, large numbers of the wounded have bayonet and knife wounds from hand-to-hand fighting, or they have rifle or machine-gun wounds. Their losses are heavy in dead and wounded, but the Japanese have had to bring in reënforcements three times, and have just brought in new reënforcements. We prepare for a new big Japanese offensive—with its heavy toll of dead and wounded, with the Chinese soldiers defending their country against an invading enemy armed with all mechanical instruments of death. The northwestern front needs help to save the men who remain at their posts until brought down by the enemy. They demand little, they are silent, but they deserve all that it is within the power of modern medicine to give.

Taiyuan, Shansi, October 30, 1937.

★

Who Also Sit and Wait

Regard no writing on these naked walls,
nor apocalyptic vision.
The augurs are blear-eyed from scanning
heaven.

No more gods tout us from tall pedestals.
Lesson yourselves to indigence, evasion
of all that once flamed man with moral
leaven.

Or better, sit in shade and catch your fleas.
Count them, even or odd,
deciding fate so. It is time that flays
your hearts—and he has some years yet to
add

the total lash-flicks. Hide from the sweaty
sun
whose golden fist smites nibblers in work's
pasture.
Sit on a lotus with the Buddha-posture,
gazing deep in your navels. All will be
done.

C. F. MacIntyre.

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Don't Do This But Don't Do That

By Albert L[illegible]in

"I'M HERE t' welcome yah all. But there ain't a goddam man in this mob whose looks I like." Warden Crane, standing on the stone block that had an inscription on its side, began calmly. Chewing tobacco, he turned his face and spat, then slowly raised his head again for a more studied bird's-eye view of us all. "I'm sorry but there ain't. 'Cause them high walls were built t' keep yah out, t' keep yah from breakin' in t' our home and now lookit! . . ."

A tall, lean commanding figure, his thin, cruel lips twitched at the corners. He wore a dark suit and his cold, grey eyes flashed periodically and had a disquieting effect upon us. A former mule skinner who had risen to wardenship from substitute guard, he contended that discipline could best be kept by driving men as he once drove mules. His "Gee-up—whoa—git," were verbal reins adopted by his subordinates when lending guidance to a marching convict line.

"We ain't burglar proof, I kin see, even with walls an' doors," he continued in a note of detachment which lent uncanny force to his ironic speech. "Over fifty strong yah showed up, yah got by those chicken-hearted jedges who should've hanged yah all. Maybe I'm wrong but I doubt it. They tell me a tower guard was cursed out yisterday, and yah threw away clothes 'cause he asked yah not t'. That was a foolhardy thing t' do, men. But it won't be held against yah. Nothing that happened outside will. Not even the fact yah hadda be born. *Providin' yah toe the mark from now on.*"

He paused to spit and let his words sink in.

"Now I'll admit I don't giss yah showed up here of your own accord. They brung yah shackled for not abidin' by the laws outside. That ain't my affair. That's somethin' we runnin' this here institution can't help. We didn't send for yah and we ain't allowed t' ask for references of guests bargin' into our front door. Fair enough. But, by God, we are allowed t' whack hell out of guests that break prison rules. That don't watch their P's and Q's. That don't maintain order.

"I kin see some recidivists back there smirkin' already. Yah've heard this before. What's a cracked skull and solitary confinement? A bunch of goddam hooey. I'll do as I please. He ain't scarin' nobody. . . . Waal—the other men in this chain kin smirk an' think such thoughts too. I hope not. I hope yah think more of those heads. 'Cause if yah break a rule, a club is just what's apt t' descend on them. Such treatment might make yah feel more at home. It might make yah feel freer and happier. But I won't brood over it. I promise yah it won't pain me.

"I could stand up here half the mornin' tellin' what's kensidered t' b[illegible] rules. But there ain't no need pointin' out [illegible]e tiny ones —yah'll be put hep t' them soo[illegible] nough. It's the other I'm aimin' t' talk abo[illegible] and I pity the man out there right now [illegible]o ain't listenin' or can't hear.

"First. . . . I'm tellin' yah t' [illegible]ow respect to the guards and the foreman. [illegible]he guards are called captain and the foreman's first name is Mister. Last week there was a slip of the tongue: some convict forgot he wasn't talkin' t' another convict and addressed the guard as 'screw.' He's still laying in the hospital wonderin' what happened. His name is Barney. No. 21811. So don't take my word for it. Ask the men that carried him t' the hospital from the broom factory.

John Heliker

"Now if the guards are crooked enough t' be called screws, I'll do the callin' and fire 'em t' boot. We have house cleanin' now and then. But that's my affair and none of yours. So long as they're on duty, men, pay attention, I'll back 'em up in everything! If yah forgit t' take that cap off and stand two feet away when yah want t' talk to a guard outside the shops, and if yah don't call him Captain, and if yah wake up with a lump the size of an ostrich egg stickin' on your head—don't look to me, don't look to anybody—but God above—for sympathy 'cause that's the only place yah'll find it!

"A word t' the men out there that got life —and those that only got a few years, too. It goes for all, I reckon: 'cause it ain't but natural for a convict t' git impatient and hope t' make an escape. In pretty weather like this day comin' up I feel homesick cooped in myself. The walls around ain't so high. All it takes is a rope or ladder t' scale 'em. But let me tell yah that each and every guard holdin' down a tower on that wall is a sharpshooter loaded with medals, and that we'll keep yah here if it takes gunpowder to do it!

"Uh-huh . . .

"So time'll have yuh squirmin' and your thoughts might turn to dope. That ought t' while time away pleasantly enough. Balls! There ain't no worse way out, men. If I had the habit, I'd tie a rock around my neck, jump off the gallery, and say here goes nothin'. . . . Be careful. I ain't goin' t' ask if there are any hopheads in this chain—fer hopheads never tell the truth. But give me your attention, you men that haven't taken a shot before—and it will pay those who have, perhaps, t' listen, too: next t' murder there ain't no crime more punishable in here than the crime of having found in your possession cocaine, morphine, heroin, marijuana, or just a bare dropper. . . . The stuff gets in all right: over the walls, bribed guards, bribed foreman, visitors. But you stay shy. For you're bound t' find yourself strung up t' the bars in solitary confinement screamin' 'Oh, doctor!' for a shot or a sniff, wishin' yah had never took t' the habit. We'll make yah squeal on everybody involved, an' then you'll be afraid t' come out on the yard 'cause stool pigeons are sometimes killed in here. Help us stamp out the vice, men. It's the only favor I'll ask yah. Don't listen t' the dope peddlers. They'll sidle up in cellhouse, shop, and yard: 'Whatsa matter, buddy, ol' father, time gettin' yah?' they'll say. 'Is the sweetheart or wife outside remainin' true?' Or 'Findin' the shop too tough, can't yah get the task?' Once yah fall for their line, men, the price keeps gettin' higher, the cravin' grows stronger. Yah'll bleed the folks and the friends outside with beggin' letters t' help yah do time. Yah'll damn nigh kill t' get the stuff, and we'll damn nigh kill yah once we catch it on yah. So stay clear of the habit.

"Captain Prahl," he looked over our heads to where his deputy warden, the captain of guards, stood. "Do yah wan't t' speak to these men?"

"Not me, warden," Captain Prahl said in a chilled voice, coming up front to address us. He walked with his head turned our way. A squat, thick-set man in overalls and slouch hat. He had a dark, gnarled wolfish face, his left ear was missing.

"I'm the toughest man in here," he said. "You may not think so. You'll soon find out. That place Warden Crane calls solitary confinement, you'll call the hellhole if you won't stay clear. I drop around every night to see what boys made it and how they're feeling. I'm the prosecutor, judge, and jury. I may turn you out. I may not. But let me warn you all now what kind of a place it is. Then forget about it. Behave—and you won't have a roundavoo with Captain Prahl there.

"They got two 1 by 12 boards nailed on two 2 by 4's in the dark for your bed. And don't get it into your heads that those 2 by 4's were put in to keep you off the concrete so you won't catch the piles or rheumatism. Not at all. They're to keep you up so the cockroaches, lice, bedbugs, and spiders can crawl around on that floor in peace.

"And every night you'll try to catch sleep, I'll be snoring on a feather bed—and so will Warden Crane, those guards there, and every other honest and God-fearing citizen in this here, our state." Arm extended, he pointed his club over the wall toward the Capitol. "That's all."

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Why Not Recovery?—II

By Lowell E. Willis

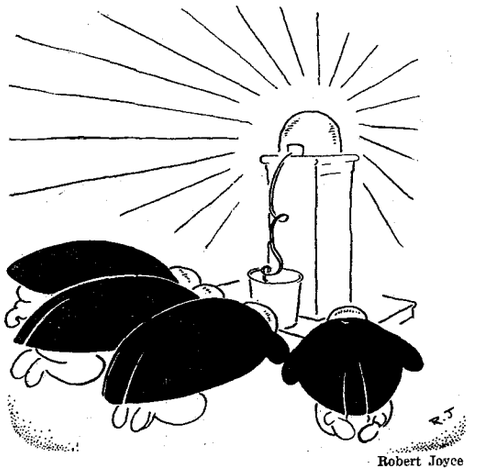
BUSINESSMEN, especially the more powerful ones, generally put forward a very simple formula for turning back an economic recession. Their advice is: cut wages, raise prices, abolish nearly all governmental regulation, ban nearly all government "competition" with private business, and cut taxes to the bone, especially those affecting the big incomes. Agree and perhaps they will consent to let us work for them. Otherwise, they will sabotage production, stage mass lay-offs, and in general soak the poor.

Intoxicated by the rising price level, businessmen early in 1937 started an orgy of speculation that was bound to result in a reaction. Shoe production, for example, reached an all-time high, although the 1936 output of shoes had broken all previous records. Big inventories of a speculative nature were also stored up in textiles in anticipation of further price rises. But prices of these goods stopped rising, and consumption, instead of keeping up, fell as lay-offs increased. The result has been a deep depression in the shoe and textile industries.

The stock market, too, had its little fling early in 1937. There are those who still argue that what happens on the stock market has no effect on business, that the market is but a surface indication—a prediction, more or less accurate, of what is to take place. But the movements of the stock market do have an effect on new capital issues, which in turn determine business expansion and replacement.

It is a matter of common observation that issues of stocks and bonds are extremely difficult to place when the stock market is rapidly heading downwards. Just what happens in a falling market was well illustrated by a recent issue of Bethlehem Steel convertible 3½ percent debentures.

This issue of $48,000,000 was of course first offered to the stockholders, but the latter absorbed only about $2,000,000 worth. Meanwhile, Bethlehem stock took a sharp drop on the market. Consequently the underwriting syndicate which had agreed to purchase the remaining bonds from the corporation at a $98 minimum had to take up $46,000,000 of the issue. The company realized, after deducting the underwriting commissions, a total of about $47,000,000. The underwriters then decided to offer the bonds at 95½, a loss of 2½ points per unit. But the public again balked and most of the bonds remained unsold. When the syndicate was finally allowed to lapse and support was withdrawn from the bonds, their value quickly sank to about 87. It is calculated that this represents a paper loss of nearly $5,000,000 to the underwriters. Insofar as they have kept the bonds, their liquidity is by so much impaired.



Robert Joyce

On October 20, the New York *Times* carried an item putting the amount of new financing which had to be abandoned or postponed because of market conditions at a minimum of $100,000,000, while only a few relatively unimportant issues have been successfully floated since the decline set in. In this way, the little boom on the stock market early in 1937 accentuated the recession late in 1937 by discouraging new capital issues.

The responsibility for the recession rests with business.

For a bird's-eye view of the situation, let us examine the present status in five major industries. No more than a very brief summary is here intended.

Electric-power utilities. This is one of the "healthier" industries; it is bound to expand for some time to come. The spokesmen of the private electrical utilities even talk of investing $2,600,000,000 in the next few years in order to make up an alleged "deficit" in productive capacity, incurred during the great depression. As the political price for this investment they seek to make the government abandon the plan of establishing "little T.V.A.'s" throughout the country.

Now, whether consciously or not, the utilities are seeking to create two illusions. First, the figure of possible immediate investment is much too high. It was attained on the false assumption that potential demand had continued to increase during the years of depression. The figures show that the energy actually consumed fell off from 91 billion kilowatt hours in 1929 to 77.8 billion in 1932. Capital over the same years did not at once cease to pour into the industry; capital expenditure was $866,000,000 in 1929, $961,000,000 in 1930, and $633,000,000 in 1931. A generous estimate of the capital expenditure needed to bring electrical capacity up to the demand reasonably to be expected, would be $1,250,000,000, or less than half the sum glowingly mentioned by the utilities. As a matter of fact, the capital budget for 1937 was only $531,000,000, or less than that spent in 1931, indicating the lack of confidence felt by the capitalists themselves in the future electric-power consumption.

All this leaves the essential problem still in the realm of abstraction. For the utilities insist upon hamstringing the T.V.A. as the precondition of any such spending. They claim that they are not able to borrow enough money to expand, and attribute this fact to government competition. Actually, Commonwealth & Southern, the chief wailer, has made more money since the advent of the T.V.A. than before, as Mr. Wendell Willkie has had to admit. It is hard to tell how much watered stock, how many purely financial holding companies are still siphoning profit away from the allegedly impecunious operating companies. But of the fact there is no doubt.

The abolition of the T.V.A., apart from injuring the prestige of the Roosevelt administration, would do this industry no good. On the contrary, the greatest stimulus to the electrical utility industry is precisely the presence of public power projects like T.V.A., Bonneville, and Boulder Dam. Competition, James A. Emery once said, is the life of trade. As long as the government follows the policy of cutting costs to residential consumers (contrary to the traditional policy of the private utilities, which have favored industrial against residential consumers), the private utilities are forced to follow suit. The result is increased consumption of electric power, the development of new uses for electricity, and lower prices. All of which are highly desirable to the people at large. The private utilities are not contributing to recovery by blocking the way.

Railroads. When the present recession began, the railroads were still engaged in liquidating the great depression of 1929-35. Ninety-six railroad companies, operating 28.1 percent of the total railroad mileage of the United States, were in the hands of receivers. This is said to be the largest percentage of railroad enterprises, in terms of mileage, ever in the hands of the courts at any one time in the history of the American railroads.

The loss was, of course, chiefly thrown on the small investors whose interests the banks had undertaken to "protect"—through bank-dominated "bondholders' protective committees." The revenues of the railroads during the depression were used up in a futile effort to maintain interest payments; little was spent on repairs and less on additional equipment. Result: the run-down equipment was barely

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able to handle the greatly decreased traffic of the depression years. Car-loadings, which had averaged 51,000,000 per year in the period 1926-30, fell to but 36,063,307 in 1936; yet even this burden was too great for many of the roads. Breakdowns became more and more frequent; the cost per ton-mile, instead of dropping as capacity was once more approached, showed a tendency to increase.

The panacea of the railroad magnates has been higher rates. When the depression began in 1929, the railroads pressed for higher freight rates and received what they wanted. This didn't help because traffic then fell off greatly, the motor trucks grabbed some of the trade and some of it just dried up. The Interstate Commerce Commission eventually awoke (partially, at least) to a realization of the true state of affairs and forced a reduction in passenger rates against the determined opposition of the roads. This reduction, it is now admitted, benefited these same roads greatly through increased passenger traffic.

The railroad magnates have had a great deal to say recently about wage cuts for labor but they have been strangely silent about the high cost of capital. This industry, burdened with its inflated capitalization and obsolescent equipment, needs to cut down its fixed charges rather than its labor costs. To order mass lay-offs and wage-reductions at this time can only intensify the crisis. It is a suicidal policy—especially for the people as a whole—but that is what the railroad rulers are still trying to do. And that does not help recovery either.

Housing. Two million building-trades workers, according to a recent estimate, are out of work. There is a shortage of housing, as expressed by President Roosevelt in his speech on November 29, of three to four million housing units.

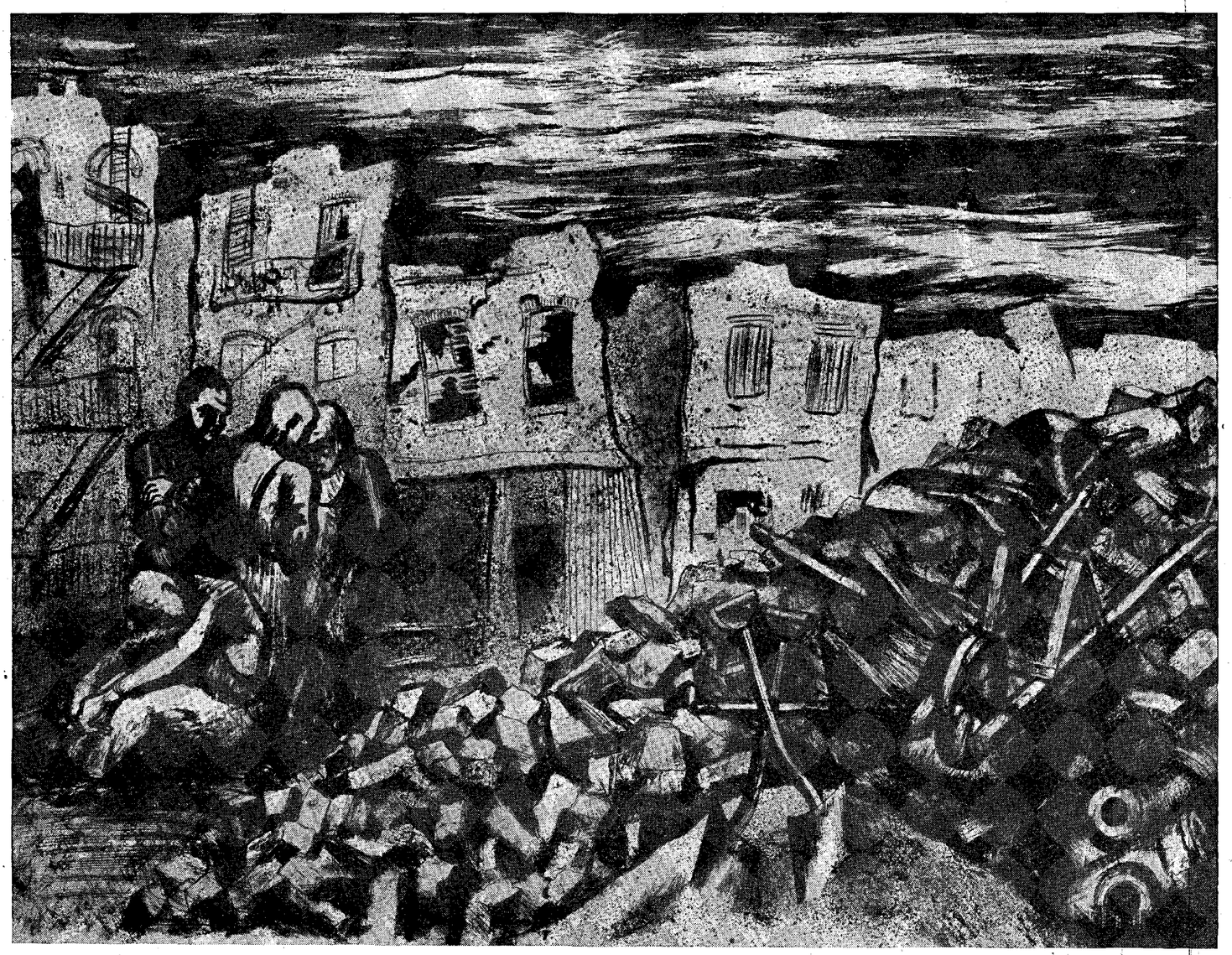
Why is not the idle labor used to fill the admitted need?

The background of this housing dilemma throws light on the essential problems involved. After the war, there occurred a building boom which reached its peak in 1925. Thereafter, home construction fell off gradually until 1929; there was virtually no construction at all during the depression itself. According to the figures of the F. W. Dodge Corp., residential building construction in 1933 was only 11 percent of the 1923-25 average. What was true of residential construction was true, in a slightly less serious degree, of other types of construction too.

At the beginning of 1937, residential construction picked up a little. For the first eight months of the year, the value of awarded construction contracts stood at 63 percent of the 1923-25 level (as compared with 55 percent for the same period in 1936). Some business circles were carried away by the temporary uplift. The Cleveland Trust Co., on the basis of rent figures and construction costs, confidently predicted a building boom. But it spoke too soon. The increase in construction is now a thing of the past.

The explanation for this collapse lies, at least in large part, in the rise of construction costs throughout 1936 and 1937. As building increased, the cost of construction simultaneously experienced a staggering climb. The index of construction costs in 1936 stood at roughly twice the 1913 average. For the first eight months of 1937, this index rose to 243 percent of the 1913 average, or 37 points above the figure for August 1929.

The chief reason for the rise in construction



Housing Problem

Joseph Leboit

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costs is the existence of rings and pools in the supply of materials. The monopolistic practices exposed by the Lockwood Committee in New York and the Daly Committee in Chicago immediately after the World War have never been rooted out. All the principal building materials are furnished at prices far above any real competitive level —and this fact is generally recognized. Public officials have even called attention to it, a recent case in point being the statement by Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

But the schemes advanced both by business and the President to encourage large-scale housing hardly touch this basic factor. The businessman's favorite way of cutting costs is, of course, to cut wages. In this present recession as in preceding ones, labor in the building trades—which suffered more during the great depression than labor in most other industries—is being asked once again to take a wage cut.

If cutting wages and raising prices is a self-defeating policy in other industries, in the building industry it is suicidal. The home-building industry still labors along under the burdens of small-scale construction, for it has scarcely been affected by the economies of mass production. The real way to cut construction costs is not to cut wages (thereby contracting the market for consumption goods) but to set up really large units for the construction of homes *en masse* by rationalizing the construction industry.

As a matter of fact, construction costs are only part of the total cost of housing. The high cost of financing is almost equally important, but here, too, the small scale of operations counts heavily against cutting costs. High fees, high interest rates (especially in second-mortgage financing), and high insurance charges are characteristic of this field.

Government action on a big scale is imperative. The Wagner-Steagall Act, while laudable, barely scratches the surface. The President's latest proposals also fail to come to grips with the basis of the problem. This is not the time for the government to withdraw from the field of housing in favor of private enterprise. Rather, the immediate need is for government construction of houses on a mass scale, financed by taxation, and with construction costs held down to a minimum but involving no reduction in the consumption-power of the building workers.

Textiles. Business policy in the textile industry has resulted in the same running-down of old equipment, coupled with a failure to install new machinery, which has been characteristic also of the railroads. At least such is the opinion of Mr. Paul Crosser, who wrote in the New York *Times* (May 23, 1937): "The textile industry . . . is operating with technically obsolete equipment, because reserves were not set aside for replacements." In one spectacular case, that of the biggest cotton mill in the world, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. of Manchester, N. H., the reserves were actually there but the management chose, by dissipating the funds in dividends, to close up the plant, throwing twenty thousand out of work, rather than to renovate the plant and begin again on a sounder basis.

The new firms which have started up in textiles have been mainly of the "cockroach" type, depending for their survival on their ability to exploit labor rather than on any technical superiority. The capitalists are reluctant to start big new mass-production firms in textiles because the industry is even more overdeveloped than most. Yet this very overdevelopment is itself a result of business policy, working itself out according to traditional practices.

The predicament of textiles is not essentially different from that of other consumption-goods industries. Indeed, industry as a whole has not at any time since 1929 gone into the field of plant extension in a big way; even in the partial recovery of 1935-37, new capital was obtained almost entirely for replacements. The exception has been in those rare industries where rapid technical change has given an overwhelming advantage to new establishments.

John Heliker

"I TOLD *you we'd be shunned socially if you signed that agreement with the C.I.O."*

The steel industry. The failure of the heavy industries, notably the steel industry, to revive, is a result of the failure of recovery generally, because the heavy industries cannot revive as long as their best customers are not buying. The steel industry cannot produce near capacity for any length of time when power plants, locomotives, buildings, and machinery are not being constructed. If it does show sporadic bursts of feverish activity, as during the last year when production reached 90 percent of capacity, this phenomenon may be traced at least partly to the flood of orders for armaments, which raised the world price of steel.

The steel industry illustrates a final point in business policy, namely, the effective way vested interests choke off new competition. The United States Steel Corp. has been losing ground steadily to the "independent" steel firms, indicating that its huge size has not brought any correlative gains in operating economy; yet the "independents" do not even now dare to cut prices or to invade the traditional markets of the trust. The colossus may have feet of clay, but the point cannot be tested. "Big steel" has powerful friends. Competition, on which capitalism largely relies for the stimulus to new construction, is more severely limited in steel than in most other industries.

BUSINESS POLICY is strangling recovery. It is directed toward limiting production because most businessmen think that is the most efficient way to make profit. Interest payments are continued where at all possible and dividends even are paid, though this may prevent the purchase of new and necessary equipment. The owners of industry can think of no better way out than to cut wages, and by so doing they cut their own throats, for cutting wages also cuts purchasing power; it does not stimulate sales because the policy is to keep production down and prices up.

Recovery was never a purely economic issue. It is now more than ever a political issue. If the present recession could be used to wipe out the constructive aspects of the New Deal and to liquidate the C.I.O., if not the entire labor movement, business might almost consider itself repaid for the interruption in monopoly profits.

Capitalism in its youth tremendously stimulated production. But capitalism today is senile, restrictive. Like the Old Man of the Sea, it fastens its grip all the tighter when its victim becomes restless at supporting the burden. Labor is today awake to the danger, but it must intensify and unify its efforts. Above all, the wage-cut and lay-off policy of capital must be resisted. There is no need to meet the present recession lying down.

(*This is the second of a series of two articles by Lowell E. Willis on the current business recession.*)

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The D.A.R. Youth Campaign

By M. B. Schnapper

FEW will believe it, but the small group of women who gathered together in 1890 and established the D.A.R. had altogether praiseworthy objectives. Their motivating desire was to perpetuate the memory of the Revolutionary War simply and solely through the acquisition of historic spots, the erection of monuments, the encouragement of historical research, the preservation of documents, and the promotion of historic anniversaries. In fitting recognition of such manifestly valuable patriotism, Congress itself incorporated the D.A.R. and designated that its reports be published as Senate documents.

But if the originators of the D.A.R. had attended its sessions in Washington in the spring of 1937, they would have found it hard to believe that the organization is today at all interested in historic activities or the principles of their Revolutionary ancestors.

They would have found instead that the D.A.R. is perpetuating all that is mouldy in American thought and life by broadcasting among America's young people super-patriotic propaganda through its Children of the American Revolution, Junior Chapters, Sons and Daughters of the U.S.A., Girl Homemakers' Clubs, Good Citizenship Pilgrimages, Becker Boys and Girls, and its C.C.C. activities. To that end its 1937 sessions were concerned chiefly with the indoctrination of the young.

RUSSIAN CANDY might today still be the delight of the Russians alone were it not for the Children of the American Revolution—chief incubator of the D.A.R.

Back in the days when the American people ate only good American sweets and somehow were content, the Children of the American Revolution swore by all the platitudes of the D.A.R. that they would shun the insidious Russian delicacy as they would communism itself. Determined "to take courage from the memory of their ancestors whose refusal to buy tea had such a good influence on the welfare of their country," they solemnly resolved to protest to every merchant selling the Russian product. And protest they did. Day after day, from the rock-ribbed coasts of Maine to the sunny shores of California, they marched into drug stores, candy shops, groceries, and politely but firmly demanded that Russian sweets be sent back where they came from.

Overnight, ironically enough, the sale of Russian candy boomed spectacularly. Thanks to the attendant publicity, thousands of otherwise loyal Americans came to sample Russian candy and to find it very good indeed.

Spared all the time, trouble, and expense necessary successfully to put a product across the overcrowded American market, Soviet Russia became in a few days everlastingly indebted to the C.A.R. When at last the C.A.R. woke up and ceased creating free advertising for Russian candy, there was some talk among its American dealers about suing the C.A.R. on the ground that its sudden silence was interfering with what had become normal trade.

There was even talk that suspicious Hamilton Fish had jumped to the conclusion that the C.A.R.'s action in furthering the sale of Russian candy in America indicated an insidious pipeline between the C.A.R. and Moscow and had therefore decided to call for a congressional investigation.

Perhaps it is a shame that Representative Fish really knew better. An investigation, no matter how cursory, would have revealed that there is much about the C.A.R. that is as absurd as its anti-Russian-candy campaign.

There is no minimum age requirement for C.A.R. membership, "the little ones coming in at any period of their small lives, many parents enrolling them at birth, anxious for them to have this sacred benediction." Any girl under eighteen years of age or boy under twenty-one is eligible for membership, provided that they are "lineally descended from a man or woman who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of American independence as a soldier, sailor, civil officer, or recognized patriot in one of the several colonies or of the United Colonies or States." Proof must be submitted in the form of irrefutable birth certificates, family documents, heirlooms, etc.

There is something pathetically ludicrous about children who must swear to dedicate themselves to the

> acquisition of knowledge of American history; to help to preserve the places made sacred by the men and women who forwarded American independence; to ascertain the deeds and honor the memories of those who rendered service during the American Revolution; to promote the celebration of all patriotic anniversaries; to hold our American flag sacred above every other flag on earth; and to love, uphold, and extend the institutions of American liberty and patriotism, and the principles that made and saved our country.

Whenever a chapter is formed, it is presented with a pictorial charter showing General Washington surrounded by a dozen children holding torches. It seems that upon arriving in Providence, R. I., one night, Washington was met by "the whole of the population," among whom were "a crowd of children carrying torches, reiterating the acclamations of all citizens." Naturally "all were eager to approach their father, and pressed so closely around us that they hindered us from proceeding." Deeply affected, Washington pressed the arm of Lieutenant-Colonel Count Mathieu and said, "We may be beaten by the English; it is the chance of war; but behold an army which they can never conquer."

Certainly the C.A.R. did not have Washington's views or ideals in mind when it came into being. A means of enlarging the income of Daniel Lothrop seems to have been the first consideration; the publisher of patriotic literature for children, Lothrop must have seen immense business possibilities in his conception of the C.A.R. His wife and business associate, Mrs. Harriet M. Lothrop, evidently saw them too, for she began to talk it over with her colleagues in the D.A.R. And after her husband's death she came to see that the C.A.R. could offer a pleasant means of livelihood. She got busy and, presto, the C.A.R. "stood before the world among the institutions of liberty and progress," the first society of its kind "devoted to the cause of the child." It mattered but little that, as she herself admitted, "Believers were few [who thought] that it was essential for children to be thus provided for and trained to citizenship." After all, she and her daughter—respectively founder and secretary of the C.A.R.—did believe.

But to make others believe became vital. Mrs. Lothrop again got busy and, after copious reading and research, produced the C.A.R.'s major excuse for being: the George Washington story.

Supplementing it from the first have been super-patriotic activities centered around the idea that "a great stimulus to patriotism" is to be found in emphasis upon "the loyal service of little Americans of the revolutionary times" and upon "the larger service revolving around these small patriots." These activities have included school recitations of "a patriotic spirit," the gathering of "every bit of history of our flag," flag drills and salutes, engendering toward the flag "respect strictly enforced . . . from the smallest member" till "love" for it becomes automatic, the collection of "extra money to swell the patriotic fund" of their local societies, the collection of silver paper, pits, and cocoanut shells in times of war, and the donation of historic pictures to schools.

On the occasion of the forty-first convention of the C.A.R. in 1936, it was announced that activities of the national headquarters would be broadened through a special $25,000 fund. Significantly enough, during the preceding year, the C.A.R. had begun to take on the blatantly prejudiced characteristics of its mother organization, the D.A.R. A "scorching attack upon communists, socialists, and pacifists" was the essence of the leading address at the 1935 C.A.R. convention, delivered by Arthur M. McCrillis, president of the Sons of the American Revolution.

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Crockett Johnson

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Between Sessions

WILL the regular session of Congress repeat the dismal failure of the special session?

The same concentrated pressure of the reactionaries that brought about that failure will be applied. The reactionaries will be at least as well organized. Their determination to wreck the President's entire program has been strengthened by their success in delaying it. If in a special session called in the first ominous shadow of a recession the tories were able to balk every measure advanced by the administration, they will find more space and scope for their sabotage in a regular session. So far, then, as the enemy's intentions are concerned, the progressive forces of the country face the same situation as in the special session, and unless their own ranks are strengthened, will witness the same result.

One incidental effect of the special session has been to bring into sharper relief the alignment of forces in the country. However the inspired dispatches from Washington may cover up the real issue, the results of the special session speak for themselves, and emphasize the correctness of the people's estimate of where and what their enemies are. The reactionaries' assault on the wages-and-hours bill was temporarily successful, but in the minds of great numbers of people the attack linked up dramatically the names of the spokesmen for monopoly with opposition to legislation aimed at bettering the workingman's lot. The opinion of the great body of the people, which expresses itself on election day and is more or less successfully misrepresented by the press every other day, is, has been, and will be unwaveringly in favor of the social legislation represented in President Roosevelt's program.

The temper of the President's message to Congress therefore becomes a matter of extraordinary importance. It may well determine in advance what will happen in the session. If the President justifies the intimations that have been given recently, that his sensitiveness to the threats of big business has run its course and that he is again going to give dynamic leadership to the progressives, the regular session may still redeem Congress from a record of failure. It is high time for the President to speak and to act. Well as he knows that the mass of the people are with him and against the monopolists, the response may surprise even him.

Woll "Explains"

MATTHEW WOLL'S sudden concern for unity in the trade-union movement is reminiscent of the devotion so lovingly professed by Japanese statesmen for "Peace on earth, good will to man." Now that the A. F. of L. executive council has successfully torpedoed all C.I.O. attempts to heal the split in the labor movement, Woll abruptly places the entire onus of the failure of the conferences on the Lewis forces. Woll is still arguing that the issue is not one of industrial versus craft unionism, but "dual unionism."

The fact is the A. F. of L. executive council, of which Woll is one of the more "intellectual members," does not want unity. "Eventually," Woll threatens, "the labor movement will understand what really happened, and having that understanding will be able to place the responsibility where it belongs." When that day comes, Woll and his executive council colleagues will have to explain why the A. F. of L. proposals were all designed to destroy the C.I.O. How can the rank and file understand the A. F. of L. formula of readmitting the original C.I.O. unions while excluding the twenty new unions? What other explanation can there be than that the executive council wished the C.I.O. leadership to abandon millions of recently organized workers?

"The negotiations," Woll continues, "revealed that the C.I.O. is composed almost entirely of organizations previously affiliated with the A. F. of L." But under the A. F. of L., the steel union had shrunk to seven hundred members; in a little over a year under the C.I.O. it grew to 540,000. The executive council tried to split the young auto and rubber unionists among the crafts; only after these unions affiliated with the C.I.O. did they win contracts from General Motors and Chrysler. Under the A. F. of L., the International Seamen's Union shrank to a dues-paying club; once the C.I.O. stepped in with the National Maritime Union, seamen won recognition from the major shipping companies. The same is true of office workers, transport workers, radio workers, and department-store workers. The A. F. of L. was content to charter unions; the C.I.O. recruited members and won them higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions.

Matthew Woll speaks for the executive council but not for the Federation's rank and file. More and more workers will insist that the healthy, militant program of the C.I.O., to organize the unorganized and to build toward independent political action, must become the guiding principle of the labor movement. The future leadership of the labor movement is no longer in the hands of the reactionary executive council, despite its ability to delay unity and progress, but in the hands of the C.I.O. progressives. They are the ones who are building unity in the labor movement.

Ford, Enemy of Labor

NO ONE with any knowledge of working conditions in the automobile industry was surprised at the findings of the National Labor Relations Board in the Ford Motor Co. case. What was refreshing was the forthright language used in the Board's "cease and desist" order which instructed Ford to rehire twenty-nine employees discharged for union activities; to abandon the company union; and to stop interfering with the rights of Ford workers to organize. The decision described the attack by Ford service men on members of the United Auto Workers in front of the Dearborn plant last May as "unbelievably brutal." Ever since the United Auto Workers started to organize the Ford plants, the company

> has made its antagonism to labor organizations so evident that no employee whose economic life is at its mercy can fail to comprehend. The full significance of this antagonism has been brought home to its employees through constant hostility of foremen and supervisory officials, through the systematic discharge of union advocates, through the employment by the respondent of hired thugs to terrorize and beat union members and sympathizers. . .

Henry Ford has always kept up the pretense of playing a lone hand. He "fought" Wall Street single handed, he attempted to organize his own pogrom against the Jews, he helped build the Black Legion, he successfully defied the N.R.A. Now he announces that he will resist the present N.L.R.B. decision to the bitter end. But gradually he is being hemmed in. The United Auto Workers organized his largest rivals. They are striking his plants in Kansas City and St. Louis. Organization of the Ford plants demands skill and endurance. The N.L.R.B.'s decision gives the union a strong weapon, particularly in enlisting public support.

The capitalist press has not been slow to see the danger to the open shop in the N.L.R.B. ruling and has rushed to Ford's rescue. Believe it or not, the cry is raised that the decision jeopardizes free speech.

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Henry Ford, whose service department invades workers' homes, beats men and women who dare distribute union leaflets, and cooperates with the Black Legion, is being robbed of "that most precious of all our democratic privileges"—the right to express himself through a company union.

One Industry That Flourishes

THE official summary of the La Follette Committee's report on industrial espionage concludes: "It is safe to say that the right of genuine collective bargaining will never be realized in American industry until the industrial spy is abolished."

The report lists a few of the firms employing spies. The hundred names include the largest motor, rubber, oil, power, radio, transportation, realty, and hotel corporations, and even philanthropic institutions. From 1933 to 1936, more than 2500 companies hired undercover agents whose duties ranged from terrorization of workers to organization of company unions. Their accomplishments included breaking strikes and getting themselves elected to high union office; stealing records and framing workers; provoking ill-advised walkouts, urging violence, shadowing government officials. No matter what their methods, their main task was to smash organized labor.

Several firms objected to being named in the LaFollette report. McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. pointed out that it merely hired "guards" during the New York elevator strike to make sure that no attempt was made to "prevail upon elevator operators and service employees to join the strike." The Newark *Ledger* hired guards solely to break the 1935 Newspaper Guild strike and therefore challenged the label "espionage." The Macmillan Co. argued that their use of the Burns Detective Agency was to prevent pilferage: the records of the detective agency read, "Operations: Investigation of office workers' union activities." Significantly, the great majority of corporations named in the report did not dare to protest.

To abolish this shocking racket, both federal and state legislation is vitally important. But to effect a real cure, labor must organize. Strong unions that can win the benefits of collective bargaining for their memberships, are in the end the only effective defense against labor spies, provocateurs, strikebreakers, and service-department thugs.

Federal Funds for Scabs

THE directors of the Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District, dominated by bankers and industrialists, have found a way to finance their anti-union offensive with federal funds, and thus far the protests of unions and progressive congressmen have proved equally futile.

Early last summer, workers on the San Jacinto tunnel at Banning organized and forced the project to grant higher wages and other concessions. The directors retaliated in August by firing eighty-eight leading unionists. Thereupon one thousand of the 1190 tunnelers struck.

Breaking strikes can prove expensive. But in this case the directors could turn to the Reconstruction Finance Corp. not only to pay the salaries of one hundred and fifty deputy sheriffs but to foot the bill for a substantial quantity of tear gas. That the demands of the strikers for union recognition and the elimination of discrimination were perfectly legal and reasonable was testified to by an investigating committee of the Los Angeles County Democratic Central Committee as well as by a second commission appointed by the California State Legislature. The refusal of the Metropolitan Water District to deal with the strikers clearly violated the Wagner Act. Furthermore, inefficiency of scab labor raised the project's cost and increased the burden of the taxpayers. But big business has its own code that excludes such considerations.

While repeatedly expressing chagrin over the situation, Jesse Jones, chairman of the R.F.C., nevertheless refused to withhold project funds which were being used for strikebreaking. Yet, as pointed out by Congressmen Scott and Voorhis of California, by Labor's Non-Partisan League and by officials of the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers, Chairman Jones could have soon forced the directors to grant the workers' demands. His failure puts the federal government in the position of financing strikebreaking and anti-labor violence, and of underwriting violation of the Wagner Act on which the labor policy of the present administration is based.

The Battle Front of Culture

AT the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science there is evident a spirit of resistance to the fascist attack on science which reflects the growing concern of the savants with the world outside their laboratories. Following the lead of the British Association, the American scientists meeting in Indianapolis are accepting responsibility for that spirit of free inquiry without which science cannot long flourish. They propose to unite the scientists of the world's democratic countries into a body which will defend learning against the aggressions of those who systematically renounce reason as an instrument for social guidance. This is a form of collective security on the battle-front of culture. It is as necessary to organize scientists against the incursions of cultural barbarism as it is to unite the peaceful powers of the world in a defensive pact against military aggression. What remains to be seen is whether the American men of science will go beyond general principles and name names—whether they will recognize that the Soviet Union is not only the greatest exponent of world peace, but the most consistent guardian, as Pavlov so eloquently testified, of those values to which every genuine scientist devotes his life.

The Living Newspaper

THE Living Newspaper technique has had a vitalizing effect on the American theater. Such productions as *Power, Injunction Granted,* and *Triple A Plowed Under,* all sponsored by the Federal Theater Project, brought a powerful sense of immediacy to the stage. The recent performance of *One Sixth of the Earth,* in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Russian revolution, further illustrated the enormous educational and entertainment value of a dramatic technique which derives its force from the excitement inherent in real events. Through a series of factual blackouts, heightened by musical and lighting effects, with an exposition spoken by an unseen announcer, the Living Newspaper has organized headlines into history.

It is welcome news, therefore, that the Federal Theater has made plans to coöperate with the colleges in the creation of Living Newspaper plays based on regional experience and study. Colleges in twenty states have already accepted the invitation to participate in the extension of this dramatic form. The Federal Theater is providing a genuine stimulus to young playwrights by agreeing to produce acceptable campus-written scripts. The plan will serve to dramatize the relation between statistics and human beings. Its wide application should prove to be an important step in the direction both of a more progressive type of education and of a more popular theater.

Monopoly Strangles Recovery

ROBERT H. JACKSON'S rap at monopoly policies and prices showed that the original impulse of the New Deal is far from exhausted. In Jackson's view, the country does not face a "major depression" but it is suffering from "monopolistic practices which threaten to throw our economy out of order." The assistant attorney-general pointed to steel, greatest of all the monopolies, as an

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example. Between December 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937, iron and steel prices were increased three times as much as was necessary to cover the increase in wages and at least twice as much as was necessary to cover increases in both wages and raw materials.

Jackson stopped right there, but the full explanation for this state of affairs is given in this issue by Lowell E. Willis. The steel industry is so thoroughly dominated by a small financial oligarchy that prices are not affected by the so-called normal processes of competition. The United States Steel Corp., as Mr. Willis points out, has been losing ground steadily to the "independents" but these latter do not dare invade the traditional markets of the trust. When prices rise, they rise all together, indicating that something more than chance is at work. "Business policy is strangling recovery," says Mr. Willis, and that in effect was the burden of Jackson's speech, too.

"*Panay*"—*Closed But Not Completed*

NOW that the *Panay* incident has been closed, and apologies of a sort tendered and accepted, it is possible to take stock of the entire affair's impact on American foreign policy. That the incident has made a difference nobody disputes. But just what and how much of a difference is still a question in most minds. American policy is not standing still. But we are not yet committed to collective action. Neither are we still muddling along in the grooves of splendid isolation. Where then are we going?

The fright aroused among the more militant isolationists by President Roosevelt's reply to Governor Landon indicates that these circles, at least, believe that we are slowly but steadily steering toward a collective course of action. If collective security were only a matter of words, this could be stated without reservation. In his Chicago speech, delivered three months ago, the President expressed a clear realization that in this interdependent world aggression is bound to spread unless "quarantined." His recent reply to Governor Landon went even further in the direction of collective security. What else can "some measure of coöperation and even leadership in maintaining standards of conduct helpful to the ultimate goal of a general peace" possibly mean?

Certainly, these are the premises of collective security. What is still lacking is the concrete program. The tory-isolationist fury against the President springs from the fear that such a program is bound to develop, as situations such as the sinking of the *Panay* awake the American people to their jeopardy and their responsibilities

The isolationists are trying very hard to spread the illusion that Japan has been tamed, and that the Japanese militarists are genuinely repentant. Nothing could be further from the truth. Evidence presented by the State Department on the basis of many eyewitness reports showed that the attack upon the *Panay* was deliberate and cold-blooded. But Foreign Minister Hirota admitted nothing of the sort in his note of December 24. The machine-gunning, it is there stressed. was "entirely unintentional." This insistence upon the incident as an "accident" lies at the root of the Japanese attitude. Accidents need no guarantee against repetition.

It is true that the Hirota note goes on to say that "rigid orders" have been issued "against infringement of, or unwarranted interference with, the rights and interests of the United States and other third powers." But, only three days later, as if in commentary on this pledge, the Japanese decreed the death penalty for all persons, "including the nationals of third powers" for any activities considered "subversive" by themselves. This decree directly violates the extra-territorial rights of third powers in China, rights upheld by the Japanese when they served to strip China of autonomy but now just as crudely swept aside as impediments to their bid for monopoly power in Asia.

The unalterable fact about the Japanese invasion is that it will end only when the Japanese military are subdued or all Asia comes under their military-fascist control. Therein lies the unity of interest between China and the United States. This country can pursue its peaceful intercourse only with a free China. A victorious Japan will drive competition from the whole of China just as happened after the Japanese conquest of Manchuria.

The reactionaries who oppose the Roosevelt policy in the Far East do so because they are ready to sacrifice national interests to their narrow class interests. They are content to see Japanese fascism conquer because they feel a kinship with fascism everywhere. They would sacrifice China because China represents the oppressed of the earth in battle formation.

Their allies, the isolationists, adopt the reactionary program in toto—but add lofty moral overtones. Their latest bit of mischief has been carried on through the Ludlow resolution for a popular referendum on war. It is typical of pacifists to ignore causes and exaggerate symptoms. The isolationists have no program for preventing war.

Behind its extremely moral exterior, the Ludlow resolution is today playing a most mischievous role. It seeks to tie the hands of the President in any future attempt to achieve "some measure of coöperation and even leadership in maintaining standards of conduct helpful to the ultimate goal of a general peace."

There is no need to wait for more *Panay* incidents before embarking on a clear course of collective action. The President has stated the premises of collective security. It is now necessary to draw the necessary conclusion in the form of a definite program. No more aid to aggressors. No further hindrances to the victims of aggression. Aggression, no matter where, must be collectively quarantined lest it strike us too.

FACTS ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION

The Growth of the Food Industry

The food industry was actually established only under Soviet power, and has since grown tremendously. The output of the large-scale food industry alone in 1936 amounted to 12,895 million rubles (in 1926-27 prices) in comparison with 2960 million rubles in 1913—an increase of 4.4 times.

The production of sugar in 1936 was 1.5 times larger than that of 1913—1,998,000 tons compared with 1,347,000 tons in 1913. The production of canned goods has grown from 93 million cans in 1913 to 1266 million in 1936, an increase of 13.6 times. The output of confectionery goods increased by 10.9 times in comparison with 1913.

The 286 mechanized large-scale bakeries, which have been built under Soviet rule, supplied 29.2 percent of the entire 1936 output of bread. The 24 large meat-packing combines built during the years of Soviet power produced 33.5 percent of the entire 1936 output of the meat industry. Czarist Russia had neither mechanized bakeries nor meat-packing plants.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Is John Dewey Honest?

JOHN DEWEY is a most disarming old gentleman who is capable of great viciousness, but as I heard him talk over the radio on the Trotsky case I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. With an intuition which frightens me at times, I knew exactly what was going on in the head of the good professor. There was a period when I was engaged in a controversy which was too tense for comfort. When I issued a statement, my opponents replied with a blast which figuratively tore my ears off and it reached the point where I cringed every time I picked up a newspaper. To counteract that I tried to frame my pronunciamentos in such fashion that they couldn't easily be answered. In what I thought was the essence of shrewdness, I attempted to anticipate my enemies. I hinted that if they dared essay a reply to this present charge, they would be proving to all right-minded men that they were prejudiced in advance and not worthy of trust.

In his radio address Mr. Dewey was working overtime on the same basis, and that is why I refer to him as a disarming old cuss. It was plain that the last thing he wanted in this world was a controversy in which he would be attacked as severely as he had attacked the Soviet Union. Like a good football end, he was trying to break through into the enemy's backfield and smear the plays before they could get started. Just as I knew in that other, less famous dispute that my pathetic ruses were not going to halt my foes, so Mr. Dewey understood that he was making a hopeless effort to get all his slanders in without a reply. However, he was doing his best to disarm the opposition in advance and the effort was distinctly pathetic.

Whether a philosopher need necessarily be a logician is a problem entirely beyond me, but I couldn't help wondering about the logic in his talk. In essence it was simply that all Stalinists are liars, and therefore anything said in defense of the Soviet Union or against Trotsky is of necessity a lie. Naturally enough, since nobody enjoys being known as a liar, this should by all the rules of the Dewey school of philosophy prevent any criticism of the Dewey Committee report on Trotsky. He goes on to indicate that "lying, slander, and intimidation" are an essential part of communist doctrine and are practised deliberately by the American Communist Party to split the labor movement. Just why any communist should want to split the labor movement is not apparent, but it seems a good angle to the professor by this time and he is piling the charges up thick so there will be nothing left of the poor Stalinists. They will slink off and hide and, most important of all, they will not denounce Dr. Dewey as being a Trotskyite or a fascist, neither of which he is, being merely a world-famous philosopher who allows himself to be used by the Trotskyites and the fascists.

By the time he reaches the subject of war Mr. Dewey has himself whirling about at such a pace that his logic deserts him entirely and the result is something to sadden all men. What he does is compare the present situation with 1917 and charge that an attempt is being made to drag the United States into a war in defense of the Soviet Union. You will see that by this time Mr. Dewey has ceased being disarming and pathetic and is now graduated into dishonesty. Not downright, vulgar, beautiful dishonesty, but dishonesty of the sort which comes from presenting a problem falsely and arguing furiously and righteously from that basis.

Could it be possible that the democratic states themselves might be threatened by the fascist powers? Oh, no, and never! It is simply that the democratic states will be obliged to pull the Soviet Union chestnuts out of the fire if these fearful liars, slanderers, and intimidators known as the Stalinists have their way. Japan may do what it pleases with American interests. Germany may gobble Czechoslovakia. Spain and China may die at will. But if any hand is lifted to help, it will be a sign of the Stalinist influence; it will be an attempt to involve the United States in a conflict with which it has no remote interest.

Now consider these two statements closely and get an idea of what logic can mean to a great philosopher:

(1) Remember how we got into the last war in order to make the world safe for democracy and you will not dismiss this organized propaganda with a laugh.

(2) The fascist nations today are a greater threat to democracy than was ever the German aristocracy against which we fought twenty years ago.

Do you understand that? Is it clear? The fascist nations are a greater threat than the Kaiser, but if the United States does anything to halt that threat, it will merely be the dupe of Stalin's propaganda.

Very nice doctrine, indeed. One can only imagine the roars of delight when that strikes the Friedrichstrasse in Berlin. The democracies are going to remain neutral; anything else will be playing the game of Stalin. *Hoch!* yell the Nazis. Admiral Hasegawa, Emperor Hirohito will say, you have done enough on American boats now, I think; let's have General Mitsui pick out a nice American hospital, preferably a maternity hospital; I have just heard that America and England and France are remaining neutral out of fear of being considered allies of the Soviet Union.

If Dr. Dewey reads this, he will be hurt and will consider it yet another instance of the slanders of the Stalinists. He will accuse me of putting words in his mouth, of making him out a fascist because he does not love Stalin. But what is one to think of such reasoning as his about war? He plays into the hands of the fascists, he becomes a *propagandist* for fascism, precisely because he has misstated the problem of war for America. In his attempt to besmirch the Soviet Union, he would tie the hands of all democracies. He further plays the game of the reactionary murderers with the old canard about fascism and communism being one and the same thing. This could be laid to the disintegration of a sound mind if it weren't so malicious as a doctrine. If Dr. Dewey is so certain that fascism and communism are identical, he will be doing the world a service by convincing the reactionaries of his point. They never seem to get it. They love Hitler and Mussolini and loathe Stalin. How does Dr. Dewey explain this queer coincidence?

In his remarks about Spain he makes the outright charge that by fighting the Trotskyists and "other dissidents," the Stalinists have weakened anti-fascist unity and grievously injured the cause of Spanish democracy. What is one to say of such statements! The world knows that it was the help of the Soviet Union and the leadership of the Spanish Communist Party in defending Madrid that steeled the Spanish people to resist the invaders and kept Spanish democracy alive. But there is no end to the Dewey charges. His radio speech is hardly over when he is rushing into print with a charge that the disappearance of the "Robinsons" in Moscow is another plot to ruin the Trotskyites, another sign of the inherent crookedness of the Stalinists. Again, if you will note, it is an attempt to disarm the opposition before a charge can be made. The old gentleman is definitely jittery. What I am waiting for is his masterpiece—the evidence, the concrete and unbiased and final evidence that the *Panay* bombing was engineered by the G.P.U. to cover up the escape of the two convicts from Alcatraz Island, the convicts, naturally enough, having been placed in Alcatraz under a secret deal with the American Secret Service in an attempt to solve the mystery of Who Killed Cock Robin. A gang of sparrows with bows and arrows is suspected, but the world will not be sure until the Dewey Committee has brought in its report, and it is rather certain to be established that the sparrows were acting under orders from sinister forces operating out of Moscow.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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Holland Has a Führer Too

By Barrie Stavis

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

THROUGHOUT Europe there are many case histories of fascism which offer opportunity for study. Upon analysis these case histories show such striking similarities, both in conception and execution, that by now the fascist technique of coming to power has become a formula. Briefly, these are the initial steps. First: the "communist menace" is uncovered. (The numerical or political strength of the Communist Party is entirely irrelevant.) Second: a "vicious," "unpatriotic" minority group, "responsible" for the economic and political ills of the nation is discovered, and if the nation is to prosper, this group must be "destroyed." (Experience has taught fascism that the Jew is the most practical scapegoat. The percentage of Jews, their comparative importance in the social and economic fabric of the country, whether there is a so-called "Jewish problem" or not, is beside the point.) Third: the mental fears; the spiritual bankruptcy; the nightmare of unemployment, poverty, and starvation; the general sense of inferiority; and the inarticulate desperation of the people are compensated for by emphasizing the twin superstitions of national superiority and racial superiority.

These are the most characteristic features. Other factors are injected, depending upon the country. National dignity has been insulted, or national borders are suddenly imperiled; the necessity of regaining or the imaginary fear of losing colonies is stressed; an increase in the army, navy, and air force is a major necessity if the nation is to be safe from foreign aggression. Concurrently, financed by Germany, Italy, and the great industrialists of the country itself, there is the formation of a private army with colored shirts, black boots, a salute, a "Heil," and a fascist emblem.

And, except for minor variations, this is happening in Holland.

There is a second stage, which involves the time factor—usually a number of years. There is intense propaganda to form a mass base. Incidents are deliberately provoked to discredit the government. (In fear the government becomes increasingly reactionary so that it too becomes a force toward fascism—often with only a thin, tenuous line dividing it from fascism proper.) The inchoate fears of the people are deliberately whipped to a froth. Acts of terrorism performed by the fascists themselves are laid at the doorsteps of the communists and the Jews. And finally, politically confused, blind to basic issues, socially desperate, the people are psychologically prepared to turn to any crackpot Messiah who offers a solution to the intolerable contradictions with which they are faced. It is at this stage, with the unrest bordering on chaos, that one "major incident" is attributed to Jews or communists, or both, which serves as an excuse for the private fascist army's march on the capital and for its seizure of power.

Whether the second stage will come to pass in Holland, remains to be seen. If Holland goes fascist, the blow will be severe. If she remains a liberal monarchy, many of Hitler's plans will be blocked, and the urgent, still unsatisfied need for food would be an added factor in a Germany already beset with many internal complications.

WITH THIS SITUATION in mind, I arranged for an interview with Anton Mussert, founder in 1931 and now leader of the National Socialistisch Beweging (N.S.B.), Holland's fascist organization. Mussert is now forty-three years old. At the age of twenty-three, while still studying to be a civil engineer, he married his forty-one-year-old aunt, his mother's sister, who was reputed to be quite wealthy.

On October 6, 1937, my interpreter and I traveled to Utrecht, where the N.S.B. headquarters are located.

Portraits of Mussert in black shirts and heroic poses—stern-eyed, tight-lipped, and strong-chinned—led me to believe that I'd see a strong-looking man with a stiff military posture. Instead I found myself shaking hands with a short man who possessed a round, comfortably fed belly, a great set of jowls, and a double chin. His red-rimmed pale-blue eyes are cold. He has a bad mouth, wide and cruelly thin, slit-like; when he sneered he reminded me of nothing so much as a frog.

The interview lasted an hour and forty minutes—much of it repetitious, many parts vague, others completely evasive. The following passages, taken from my notebook, represent the basic tenor of the interview. But beside the things said (for his words alone and apart lose much of their force), it is important to try to convey the bestiality, the vulgar opportunism, the barbaric fanaticism, the peacock preening vanity, and the utter divorce from compassion and humanity of this man, Anton Mussert. See him then, in a gimracky, cluttered-up room, with a portrait of Hitler and a bas relief of Mussolini prominently placed on the walls, with his thick neck and his heavy paunch, with his frog's mouth flapping up and down.

Aaron Elkind

After the usual amenities were over, my first question was, "What can you offer the Dutch people to induce the change from a liberal monarchy to fascism?"

Mussert answered, "Situated between England and Germany, our country is in a very bad position. Therefore, I shall do everything in my power to preserve peace between these two nations."

"Very fine. What specific measures would you inaugurate?"

Out it shot from his mouth. You could see immediately that it was one of his pet hobbies. "We must increase our navy to ten percent of the British strength."

"How will that preserve the peace?"

He was vituperative. "We are thought of as a free nation, but we're not! We're only England's servant with no power. Our friend in The Hague has seen to that. [He was referring to Colijn, the pro-British Conservative prime minister.] But our national dignity no longer allows us to tolerate this position. We must be strong! England must respect us! As a servant, she knows we must obey her. As a powerful nation, we can do as we choose."

"What connection has this with peace?"

"England is ready to declare war on Germany and is forcing us to join with her, using the threat of stealing our Dutch Indies if we don't. Joining England will be tragic for us because our sister of the east, Germany, will invade our territory and our land will become a battlefield. Therefore, we must have a strong navy to protect our Indies, and England, unable to threaten us, will do her utmost to preserve peace."

"But if nevertheless a war breaks out, and you were in power, how would you act?"

"With a navy to protect our Dutch Indies I'd join Germany."

"Why?"

"We are of the same Germanic core and *Ras* must go with *Ras*. Besides, fascism must conquer the world."

Holland has three hundred thousand unemployed. They are put to work on public projects. These *werkloozen* have built countless bridges, roads, parks, dykes, and canals. I asked Mussert what plans he had to relieve unemployment. He hedged with, "That's

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hard to say. Conditions change. I cannot say till I'm in power."

"But surely you have one or two fundamental plans."

"There is work enough for all. We can follow Germany's example. Before Hitler there were six million unemployed. Now there is no unemployment." Conveniently, he neglected to add that these six million were now in the army, the munition and armament factories, the Gestapo, the compulsory labor camps.

"What kind of work would you give the *werkloozen?* In what industries would you place them?"

"We can use many of them in the army. We need a larger army." This in face of a law passed September 24, 1937 to increase Holland's army from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand—an increase of ten thousand soldiers a year for the next ten years.

"How else would you employ them?"

"Build battleships! That's the way to put men to work! Build battleships!" His voice rose in protest. "We've only got three cruisers—we should have ten. Our first cruiser was built in 1916, the second in 1920. They're out of date. They're no good. We must have battleships and destroyers. . . ."

IF MUSSERT comes to power he will start a religious war not only against the Jews but against other religious sects. The Catholic church, thoroughly aware of this, has forbidden its members to join the N.S.B. under the penalty of being denied the sacrament. In an attempt to build up a Catholic following, Mussert is discreetly silent on the subject.

"You have Catholics in your organization?" I asked.

He beamed. "Of course."

"What percentage of the N.S.B. is Catholic?"

His answer was brusquer this time. "I don't know exactly."

"Holland is 37 percent Catholic. Is the percentage ratio of the N.S.B. approximately the same?"

Now definitely hostile. "We never inquire."

"What will your attitude be toward Catholics, whose first allegiance is toward the church of Rome, or who share their allegiance—part to the N.S.B. and part to Rome?"

"We're not interested in religion. This is a national party. Anybody can join. Even Jews—that is, the good Jews."

"How would you define a good Jew?"

"If he's not against the N.S.B., he's a good Jew."

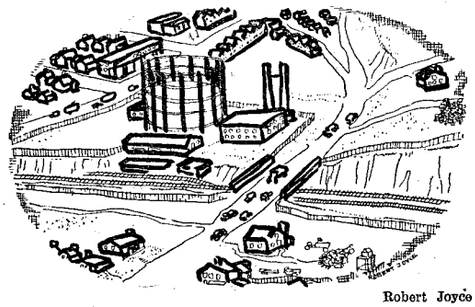
"Then I take it you have Jewish members of the N.S.B.?"

"Certainly. All the good Jews."

"About how many?"

"I'm not sure. I haven't the exact figures handy." Yet only a moment before he assured me the N.S.B. never inquired into the religious status of its members.

"I don't need exact figures. Approximate



Robert Joyce

figures will do. Two percent of Holland's population is Jewish. Have you the same proportion—that is, one thousand out of your forty-nine thousand members?" He claimed a membership of forty-nine thousand and I used his figures. Informed opinion, however, places his membership at around twenty-five thousand.

Dubiously. "No, I don't think it's as much as that."

"Well, then, one percent, say five hundred Jews."

"I'm not sure. I don't think so."

"Then how many? One hundred?"

"About fifty. But," he hastened to reassure me, "they're the good Jews."

Until shortly after the birth of the N.S.B. there had never been a Jewish problem in Holland. I asked Mussert if he could account for that fact. His eyes had a positively insane gleam. "It's their own fault. I never thought of them until they pointed me out as their enemy. In the beginning I said [and here his eyes opened wide in gentle surprised incredulity], 'I, Mussert, an enemy of any person on this earth!' But later I examined the situation and discovered they were right. I was their enemy. They are a menace to civilization—like the communists. I am their enemy and I always will be."

"Then what will you do to the Jews if you come to power?"

His voice was choked with insane menace. "It won't be a problem. They'll disappear."

"How about the good Jews you spoke about?"

"They can stay. Just like the good Jews in Germany."

"Are there any?"

"Of course. There were six hundred thousand Jews in Germany. Only one hundred thousand have gone, and they were the bad Jews. [Albert Einstein, Max Reinhardt. Bruno Walter, Elizabeth Bergner, Lion Feuchtwanger!] The rest remain and are loyal to Hitler."

Mussert suffered a severe setback in the last elections of May 25, 1937, and his parliamentary representation fell from 10 to 4 percent. He went on, "After the May elections they burnt me in effigy. Who did it? The Jews! 'Mussert is dead,' they said. 'The N.S.B. is finished.' They were wrong. They'll discover to their sorrow I'm not dead. They'll regret their mistake."

His frequent trips to Germany for finances and instructions are common knowledge. He admitted to a working arrangement with Germany when he said, "I have seen the great ones in Germany and we are in accord. Our future is tremendous. With a unified Germany of sixty million people behind him, Hitler has improved the world. Think of what will happen when he has all the Germanic nations, a total of a hundred and sixty millions, behind him!"

"What if Hitler's plans were to fail?"

He was appalled. "Western civilization would come to an end!" And then as if to reassure himself, "But failure is impossible because God in heaven is personally watching over Hitler."

"How about Mussolini?"

"Well, of course, Mussolini too. Because he is a fascist."

"Then God watches over all the fascists?"

"He watches over all the leaders. Did you see the newsreels of Hitler greeting Mussolini on his arrival in Berlin? Think of the possibilities for assassination. All the great leaders of Germany and Italy were there, with Hitler and Mussolini in the center. Nothing happened. Nothing could have happened. Why? Because God was watching over them."

"How about the thousands of armed guards?"

Their worth was dismissed summarily. "Such precautions weren't necessary with God at work."

Mussert was scheduled to speak to his followers three days after my interview with him. He invited me to attend. I sat at the press table and studied him at close range. As a speaker he had neither the dulcet voice of Roosevelt, the demoniac fury of Hitler, nor the elemental vitality of Mussolini. A tub-thumping, hoarse-voiced street fakir, barking about dubious merchandise in superlatives, carries more conviction and authority. And yet the attendance was estimated at about twenty-five thousand—a large percentage out of a total of seven and a half millions.

Who were these twenty-five thousand? Many were opportunists who hoped to fashion a career for themselves through the medium of the N.S.B. Many were the *werkloozen* who saw the mirage of a steady job and decent pay. But mainly they were that group known the world over as the least politically orientated, the group that too often makes the wrong political choice, and which comprises a tremendous percentage of Holland's population. They were the vast army of the petty bourgeoisie—the lower middle-class shopkeepers whose living costs are rising while their profits are diminishing; the socially confused and politically desperate; the frustrated disinherited of this earth who, overwhelmed by an inarticulate sense of individual inferiority, grasp the golden bubble, the joujou known as racial superiority. And they sang songs and gave their fascist salute and called out to each other "Hou zee!"—the Dutch equivalent of "Heil."

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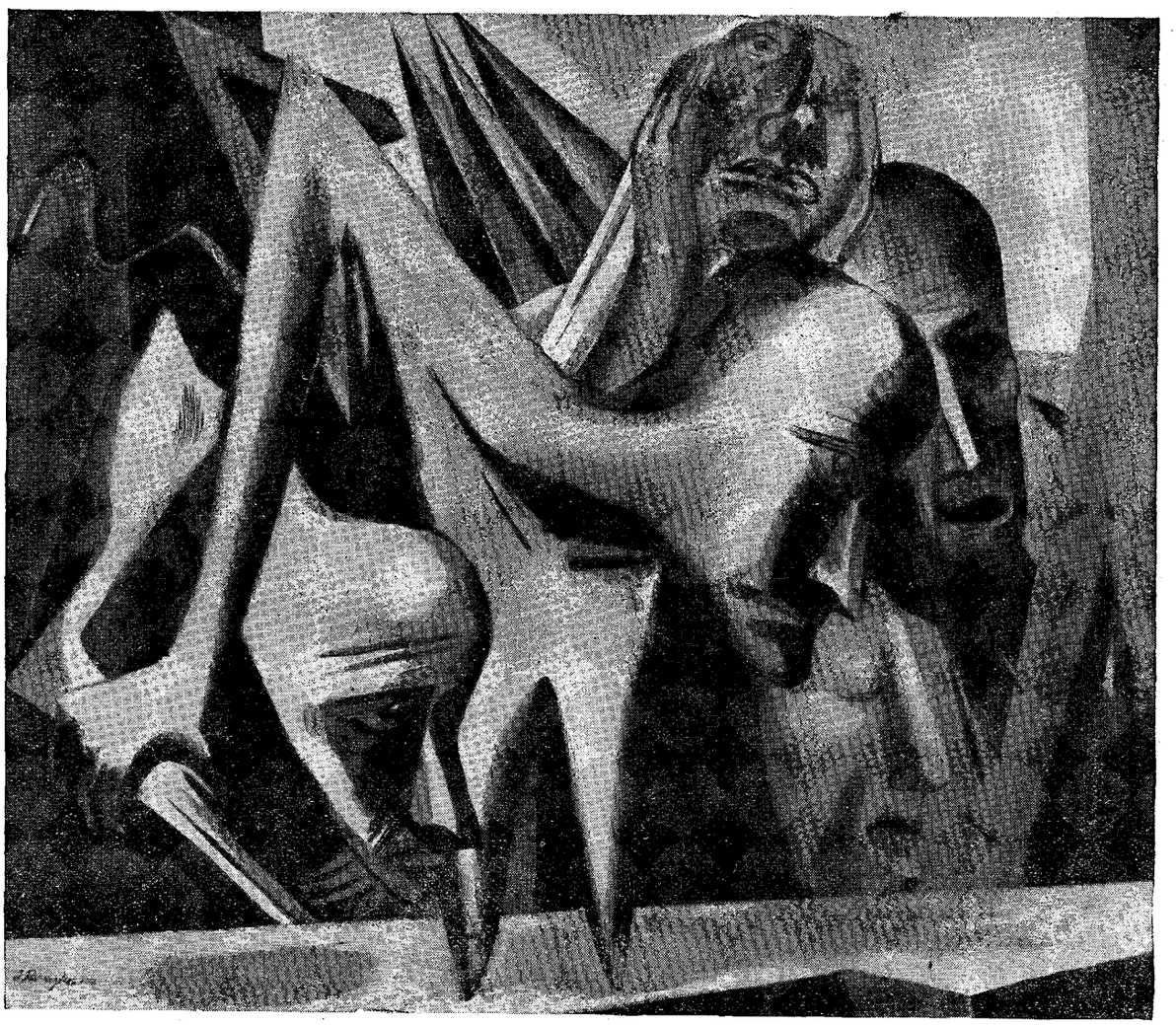
Christmas in Bethlehem, Pa.

By Perry Noble

ON the evening of December 7 Mrs. Eugene Grace, "Bethlehem's Number One woman citizen" and "patron saint," pulled a switch in the Hotel Bethlehem, and, lo! "twenty-two city blocks and Bethlehem's famous Hill-to-Hill Bridge" were beautified with red and green lights and white Bethlehem stars. At the same moment "an eighty-foot electric star" began to shine "atop South Mountain, at the foot of which Bethlehem nestles." At the same moment, also, the enlightened citizens of Bethlehem (not counting the company that installed the lights or the company that supplies the power) became more saintly poor by twenty-five thousand dollars. Five thousand, we Bethlehemites are proud to say, were contributed by St. Eugene himself; the other twenty thousand, by businessmen and public-spirited school children. After the switch-pulling, Mrs. Grace read an invocation familiar to all members of the Units of World Servers. The invocation appropriately ended with the words, "Let power attend the efforts of the great ones."

THE REASON for the sudden irradiance and lavish expenditure of money is that Bethlehem is determined to apprise the world of her manifest destiny, that of becoming "the Christmas City of the U. S. A." Inspired by the memory of the naming of Bethlehem by the Moravians on Christmas Eve in 1741, Mr. Vernon Melhado, president of the local Chamber of Commerce, has well said that "we, the citizens of Bethlehem, feel that the Bethlehem of Pennsylvania is the traditional Christmas City of state and country." In spite of our recently conceived tradition, however, we do not wish to appear hoggish. "Our appeal to be recognized as the Christmas City," Mr. Melhado said with becoming generosity, "does not exclude a single American community from the Christmas spirit. We do not claim that Bethlehem created Christmas. We do say that Christmas created Bethlehem." Our claim to recognition rests on the fact that the spirit of Christian charity has always pervaded, and still pervades, the city. "The importance," to employ a phrase of Mr. Melhado's, "of increasing the sensitiveness to the spiritual value of Christmas" has been present to the mind of every citizen who has contributed to the success of our program. This sensitiveness has energized us all, and especially "our *Globe-Times,* whose management has never been known to fail in their duty to our Bethlehem." It will be forgivable to mention here, by way of illustrating the dutifulness of the *Globe-Times,* that it did not sully its pages with a full and accurate account of the recent N.L.R.B. hearings on Bethlehem Steel, which were held in Allentown, four miles away, since no hall was available in Bethlehem—thank the Lord! whose memory we are now engaged in honoring, and thank our patriot real-estate owners! whose memory will be honored hereafter. And yet—for such is frequently the reward of fearless virtue—the circulation of the *Globe-Times* has fallen off, whereas that of the Allentown *Morning Call,* which carried the news in full, has picked up in Bethlehem.

The unselfishness of our motives in spending twenty-five thousand dollars to inaugurate and set in motion our Christmas program cannot be too strongly emphasized. Mr. Melhado, in speaking for himself, speaks for us all. "I have nothing to gain in community service work," he says, "except the joy of serving my community. I have no desire to take a stick and pick the stars out of the heavens until they spell my name. There are goals far more substantial, worthwhile, and dependable than riding the crests of waves,



Hunger

Painting by Anton Refregier (American Artists' Congress)

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for the sake of a little temporary success. . . : Any program of community service which is unselfish in its motive cannot fail. Ours was just that kind of program; it was a program inspired solely by love for our Bethlehem and a deep religious and moral conviction." It has, moreover, had the support and blessing, to quote once more from Mr. Melhado, of "a predominance of men and women who loyally and unselfishly unite in all movements that are for the business and cultural advancement of their community."

To be sure, we have had critics of our twenty-five-thousand-dollar lights; but, as Mr. Melhado with his customary acuteness remarks, "every community has its share of critics. Criticism is good for all of us, but criticism is only good when it is constructive. Criticism can only be constructive when it is kind and sincere. Criticism that is constructive must be synonymous with coöperation." These words can hardly be improved upon. Nevertheless, an example of truly constructive criticism will perhaps be truly helpful to those who think that Mr. Melhado is too insistent upon what he calls "a solid front," or, as Mrs. Grace has somewhat less happily called it, "a united front." Let us see, then, what the lights and stars will do for us.

"In my father's house are many mansions," and on "Bonus Hill" are several, in one of which live our two patron saints, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Grace. In other parts of the city, however, mansions are not numerous, and on the South Side, where the steel workers live, there are none at all. The houses in this district, indeed, are scarcely habitable. Unconstructive cynics have even been known to call them hovels that would be scorned by any self-respecting cockroach, and have therefore made the snide suggestion that our twenty-five thousand dollars could have been better spent on their demolition."

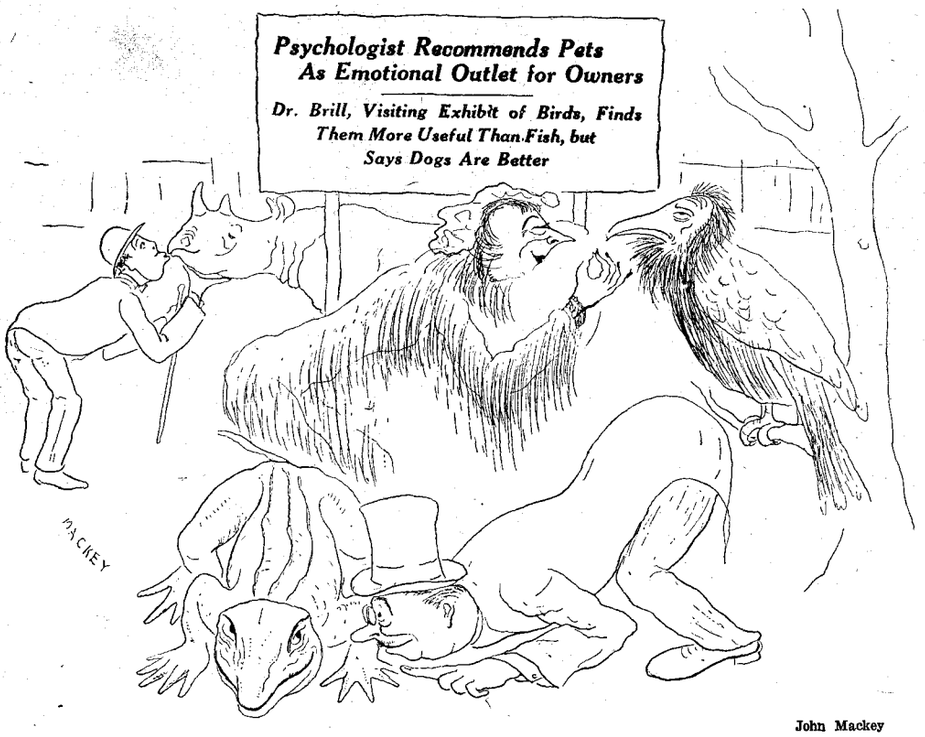
My friend Mrs. Kurtz out in Hellertown, near the ill-smelling coke works, lives in one of them with her husband and consumptive thirteen-year-old son. In her cellar is a lake, but, as if by divine foresight, this abundance of water is compensated for by the fact that above-stairs there is only one water tap, necessarily cold. The miasmic fog rising from the celler she partially dispels by burning slag coal in her kitchen stove. For light she uses kerosene lamps. She is really quite comfortable, she says, except for the fact that in winter the snow chokes up her hallway, so that she and her husband have to shovel their way to the street. Her situation, of course, is not typical. With her income of twenty-three dollars a month, minus taxes, she is not of the lumpen-proletariat but of the South Side boogawahzie.

Conditions are much worse in the neighboring Mexican Labor Camp, built by "the Steel" and watched over by a company policeman who stands on the picturesque slag heap in the front yard. Here the fumes from the coke works are stifling, and here some two hundred Mexican workers live in a manner that would shock a big-city tenement-dweller. Think, then, what the lights and stars must mean to these people. To be sure, they cannot see the lights from the Labor Camp, but in all probability the news of the great illumination has reached them and filled them with comfort, knowing, as Christians must, that the lights have been installed for their peculiar benefit by men and women with "a deep religious and moral conviction."

As I have said, Mrs. Kurtz and her family are not typical of the South Side. They look with pity upon the poor people among whom they live. Nor for that matter is the Mexican Labor Camp as a whole typical, since some of the Mexicans are still employed. Even more typical of the South Siders are the unemployed and the partially employed. The latest figures say that "the Steel" has laid off three thousand of its ten thousand workers and that the majority of the remaining seven thousand work only a few days a week. And one must add to the unemployed and partially employed the indeterminate number of workers who have been permanently laid off for having reached the advanced age of forty, many of whom are totally dependent upon the younger men who are now walking the streets under the beautiful Christmas lights and stars. It is not unlikely that these men and their women and children are hungry and cold and somewhat worried about the future. It was just this hunger and cold and worry that we all had nearest our hearts when Mrs. Grace pulled the switch that turned our city into a scene of beauty and Christmas cheer. We knew that no one, no matter how miserable, could look upon, or even hear about, these glowing symbols of love and sacrifice without remembering the cold and misery and insecurity of that little family in Bethlehem Judah and without taking heart and sustenance from the knowledge that the spirit of love and sacrifice is alive in the "loyal and unselfish" hearts of the "great ones" on Bonus Hill.

But the temporary and superficial spiritual healing that has just been mentioned will not be the only beneficent effect of our twenty-five-thousand-dollar program. Eventually the lights will have to come down, and eventually the cold and hunger and even some of the unemployment will temporarily end; for sooner or later the winter will pass, and sooner or later what the charitable call the present "sit-down strike" of capital will be called off, and the workers will be put back on their jobs. We know that these things are bound to come to pass. We have a great faith in our city's destiny. We know, moreover, that our great steel corporation is not so badly off as some mean-spirited wolf-criers, even on Bonus Hill itself, would have us believe. No business that can pay a dividend of five dollars per share of common stock during the first three quarters can be considered in serious danger of collapse. No, the workers will one day be streaming back with happy faces through the mill-gates, exercising their inalienable American right to work.

And it will be then that we shall expect the seeds of good will that we are now sowing to grow into goodly trees, such as only God can make, and to bear the fruit of true brotherhood and neighborly feeling. We shall expect light—it is unfortunate that some of our lights are red—to illumine the minds of the workers, so that they will remember the blood and bullets of 1919 and embrace thankfully the employees' plan of representation as a safeguard against further slaughter, which is being prepared by anti-Christ, the Committee for Industrial Organization, a beast with three heads—Franklin D. Roosevelt, John L. Lewis, and Joseph ("Boo!") Stalin.


Psychologist Recommends Pets As Emotional Outlet for Owners
Dr. Brill, Visiting Exhibit of Birds, Finds Them More Useful Than Fish, but Says Dogs Are Better
MACKEY

John Mackey

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READERS' FORUM

A C.I.O. Organizer on Poetry

TO THE NEW MASSES:

MAY another C.I.O. organizer pick up the poetry discussion begun last week in your editorial columns? Brother Shepard's apt remarks on wastelands and picket-lines really call for an essay on what the C.I.O. can do for poetry and vice versa. But I want to make only a few observations as one of those many people who took the parachute jump out of the rarefied ether of the ivory tower down to the union hall.

And to those who are still up there, sharing the thin air and pondering the latest bit of elbow-writing by Miss Gertrude Stein, I want to say that sure, there are more smells down here, but they're living smells—not the stench of decay given off by the fruits of despair and retreat: the premature senility of T. S. Eliot; the love of Ezra Pound for Mussolini, in keeping with the man's enthusiasm for phony æsthetic "revolution"; the bibble-babble, however musical, of *Anna Livia Plurabelle,* sad commentary on the evolution of modern literary high priests; the rabid necrophilia of M. Céline, still journeying to the end of night; the War-Is-Diverting-and-Death-Is-Beautiful cult led by the millionaire futurist Marinetti; and, right here at home, the nostalgia of the Neo-Agrarians who so bravely Took Their Stand for a return to the Old South, that flower of civilization where men were aristocrats who drank mint juleps all day long and where Negroes were slaves so that they could.

These are the people who lament that poetry is dead, on the grounds that the mass of Americans have no use for it; and that you can't write poetry in a democracy, anyhow—you need a "benevolent despotism" where poets will recline on lovely carpets while they compose quatrains on the queen's dainty foot, and where there won't be any C.I.O. to keep them from cracking whips at their retinues. They are ravished by a well-turned phrase from which every suspicion of a meaning has been carefully scraped. And, hopelessly at odds with the dominant trends of their society, they justify their escape from contemporary realities with a new theory of art for art's sake—though they spurn the phrase—which establishes elaborately that the values and meaning of art have nothing in common with the values and meaning of life.

They recognize that their poetry lacks a function socially, and they look for a remedy—when they look at all—in an arbitrary eclecticism, in the revival of medieval functionalism, and even in an archaic collectivism founded more or less on a theological pastiche. They seek a lost stability instead of helping to create a new one; and because as prophets of an older order they have turned back to the past, their isolation has been intensified and their uselessness made more emphatic.

The real cure? Go to the factories and the movies and the hamburger joints, says Brother Shepard; and he is right. It becomes increasingly clear that at bottom the problem of poetry as of all art is a social problem, and bound up with political and economic change. The social developments which alienated the artist and drove him to his locked chamber are the same which effected the burning of books in Germany and the murder of Garcia Lorca in Spain: the identical developments underlying the fate of the working class under fascism.

Let the university instructor and all the others who mourn the "death" of poetry look around and recognize that in order to bring it back to life poetry must be identified precisely with whatever is "active" and "virile" in American life, whatever points in the direction of social health and stability. Let them heed the words of Picasso: "My whole life as an artist has been nothing more than a continuous struggle against reaction and the death of art. How could anybody think for a moment that I could be in agreement with reaction and death, against the people, against freedom?"

Just as the Spanish people struggle today for life *and* art, so at this point the C.I.O. sums up the striving of the American people for economic and political self-determination, with implications of a thorough-going transformation which will inevitably strike to the roots of the relations between art and the people. The C.I.O. is a parallel, on a different scale, to movements in earlier stages of the struggle for liberty, equality, and brotherhood—movements which were the implements of a new social order and the materials of a new culture.

For the poet who is as alive to the temper and dangers of these times as Voltaire was to his, there can be no other course than to move forward in the direction that the C.I.O. is moving. Miners, steel workers, auto workers—let the "constipated" poet turn to them not only for the material of his poetry, but with the full realization that it is their power which will irrigate the wasteland and restore fertility there, their power alone which will save culture from the desecration of an American Hitler. They can make the world safe for the poet, and restore to poetry the vigor and integrity that it had in the Golden Age and in the Renaissance. Not by going back to the social order of those times and rummaging among the dead, but by going forward with the living, for literary reactionism is no healthier for art than a return to feudalism is for the body politic. The result in one is fascism, and in the other something equally rotten and equally irrational.

If he wants to hear no more funeral chants sounded over him, let the poet remember that great historical movements have always served to integrate art and society in the way the Shakespearean drama was integrated with Elizabethan society. The C.I.O. is the symbol today of a popular cause that moves great masses of men irresistibly toward the goal that has always drawn mankind: a better future, with the elimination of poverty and oppression and injustice. The poet has a stake in it, not only because the creation of a more civilized world is his concern both as a human being and as an artist, but also because poetry itself is at stake as well as social progress in every sphere. Artistic freedom is wiped out with human lives in Shanghai and Madrid. The governor of Ohio and the mayor of Johnstown ravage American culture. The arena of combat is broadened from the study to the public forum, the union hall, and the picket-line. In the strength of these, and not in the sanctity of the ivory tower, lies the future of poetry in America.

Niagara Falls, N. Y. ALBERT PEZZATI.

Straddling the Liberal Fence

TO THE NEW MASSES:

DID anybody read William Allen White's "Yip from the Doghouse" in the December 15 *New Republic?* I want to tell the gentleman that those "hard steel nails" are nothing but slivers in his pants, from sitting so long on the pseudo-liberal fence. The article might better have been named "Misery Likes Company." That old worn fence has become so sagged and spraddled about that it is accommodating a sadly mixed and muddled crowd. Some of our old radicals—like Thomas, Dewey, and Dos Passos—that wouldn't have touched it with a twenty-foot pole a while back, are coming up and crouching in the corners, so tame and serviceable that even the reactionaries don't throw stones at them. If they would step over a rail or two and get in with the Will Durants, Lippmanns, and Knoxes, they would be harmless and more respected. If Mr. White really desires to "enjoy himself," I would advise him to slip out of those old slivery trousers and come over to the left field. We'll give him a new pair and look the other way w changing.

Sparta, Mich. H. W.

How Freedom Came

TO THE NEW MASSES:

THE reviews by James Allen and Milton of the *Civil War in the United States* and Engels that have appeared in NEW (December 14, 1937) and the *Daily Worker* ber 18) have neglected a phase of that very considerable importance. Without slav may well have been no Civil War, and w pro-Union activity of the Negroes and *of t* there may well have been no Union victor ciation of this runs through the book cited.

Marx wrote to Engels, January 11, 1860: opinion the biggest things that are happeni world today are, on the one hand, the mov the slaves in America started by the death Brown and, on the other, the movements of in Russia. . . . I have just seen in the *Trib* there has been a fresh rising of slaves in M naturally suppressed. But the signal has given." . . . And Engels, replying two we stated: "Your opinion of the significance of movement in America and Russia is now co

The present writer has elsewhere shown revolutionary activities continued and a right up to and through the Civil War. a mighty factor in the provision of the Co conscription act exempting one white ov every twenty slaves—which early in changed, notwithstanding the fact that was Secessia's great problem, to one o every fifteen slaves—besides which p militia were assigned throughout the w slave police duty.

Marx elsewhere says: "A single Negr would have been a remarkable effect o nerves." It did, indeed, and as Enmale in a note, almost 200,000 Negroes fou Union army, with, and this was not ment 104,000 of them coming from Confederat Other tens of thousands ran away—at le from the border states during the first Missouri alone while there were 114,93 1860 there were less than 74,000 in 1863.

By 1863 a Confederate general (P. R. was urging the freeing of the slaves an as soldiers, for " . . . as between loss of in and loss of slavery," he assumed, "ev would give up the latter." He pointe bravery in the Union forces and urged t they would " . . . change from a dreac a position of strength." This was then cendiary, but by 1864 Judah Benjamin, Lee, and William Smith, governor of Virgi urging liberation and arming of the sla Jefferson Davis had his agents feel out powers as to their attitude if the slaves In January 1865, an anonymous writer to Cobb, Buchanan's secretary of the treasu leader in Georgia, "We cannot get from t a sufficient number to recruit our army could it would not do to take all the male out of the country. . . . I see but one left us and that to fill up our army wit . . . We are told, however, that they cann to fight. They have done some very goo for the Yanks, and I cannot see why they do as well for us if we will give their Cobb, however, felt "The day you make s them is the beginning of the end of the [s ers'] revolution"—yet by March 1865 was passed, and while it was ambiguous cipation, it was generally believed tha entailed. But within a month the war wa

If one adds to this sketch the sabotage tactics of many of the slaves who rem shown by Du Bois), the fact that the sla desire for freedom was a decisive factor come of this slave war becomes crystal cl

New York City. HERBERT A

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BOOK REVIEWS

an Exiles Face
.ems of Alienation

HENRY OF NAVARRE, *by Heinrich*
lfred A. Knopf. $3.
ETENDER, *by Lion Feuchtwanger.*
ess. $2.50.

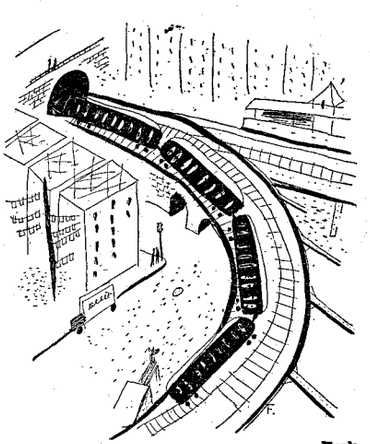
ENT publications by German exiles veal that the dialectic curve of their productions is taking a more positive . Upon the initial impact of Nazi a and under the effects of tremendous pheavals, the exiles feverishly turned he subject of their immediate, disonditions, the story of their historical The fascist steam-roller had so savced itself into the foreground as to nbolic pointing to the wall. The ve vision, necessary for fiction and fantasy, was temporarily pressed ny of the exiles (Billinger, Becher, nghoff, Liepmann, Wolf, etc.) con- n realistic documentation of Nazi vith particular attention to the tor- s and the concentration camps. In hese works, the fascist pattern was ch presented as assailed or caricathe paralysis that followed Hitler's of power gradually gave way to a grim resistance, the cultural exf the anti-Nazis gained in æsthetic . Today, one can discern a greater distance, a more balanced tem- of growing self-confidence and

German exiles have been faced e difficulties in their work. One to instances of men such at Plato who contrived to produce great riting in exile. No historic period, can match fascist thoroughness. may be credited with the unprececcomplishment of having induced a us on the part of its greatest writers, d thinkers. The result has been more han is suggested by the formulation sm and culture are mutually exclu- ically, fascism has tended to radicalneral group by bringing a militant s simple humanism, as evidenced by pment of Thomas Mann, Feuchtand Heinrich Mann. The situation involved when we consider the effect sychology and the æsthetics of the ters as a whole. The most obvious has been a greater leaning toward cal essay and manifesto, toward a rms." But the painful displacements es of these men, the sudden bodily from home grounds (that have be- nous to boot) have made for outer oducing schizoid elements, traceable in their purely artistic productions. The point may be illustrated with reference to the problem of identification.

The artist's identification with his subject is, to be sure, not a simple, one-to-one correspondence. Yet, a work of art must evince æsthetic sympathy not alone for the protagonist, but also for the "enemy." The adversary has to appear as a somewhat noble opposition, if the victory is to be meaningful. The great creations of Goethe, Balzac, and Dostoyevski derive their dramatic tension and "morality" by organic inclusion of the "black" elements in their canvases. Now, fascism is such barbarism that, by comparison with it, the oppressive systems of the past appear almost humane. The fascist pattern thus puts the greatest strain on a writer who would approximate the artistic requirement of lending "distance" to his theme, who would be "patient" in the drawing of his characters. This is the peculiar difficulty of writers treating the fascist scene. Add to this the upheavals in their personal lives, only partly mitigated by being transplanted to new, strange soil, and the process of artistic alienation is almost tragically complete.

The effort to avoid the necessity of identification with the contemporary enemy perhaps accounts for the fact that the anti-fascists have favored the choice of historical subjects, as "analogies" to the present. Such themes have characterized the work of men like Brecht, Wolf, Nikl, Regler, Seghers, Walter Mehring, and others. The latest novels of Heinrich Mann and Lion Feuchtwanger also deal with historical material.

The position of Heinrich Mann has long been oriented toward the left. Mann was among the few Europeans, like Barbusse and Rolland, who courageously exposed the imperialist character of the war. In a literature where magic idealism has long held sway, he approximated the role of a German Zola, and during the war engaged in the dramatic and celebrated controversy with his brother Thomas, who then saw in Prussianism the bulwark of



Funk

Kultur. More clearly than any of the liberals, Mann saw and urged the dialectic unity of thought and action. And for about a decade, he has been an inspiring and tireless worker in the anti-fascist struggle. We are glad to see at last an enthusiastic reception of his present novel in this country. Indeed, *Young Henry of Navarre* is a sensitive, vivid, and dynamic prose-work of psychological insight and skillful structure. It possesses Mann's literary idiom at its best: a prose held by sensuous tenseness, as it is carried by a restless tempo, bordering on breathlessness. It reflects Mann's political "quickness" and offers an illuminating contrast to the epic warmth and leisurely mellowness of his brother's Joseph-story.

But to return to the relation of its æsthetics to the fascist complex out of which it arose. The parallel is, in part, transparent. Henry's time was also violent and chaotic, marking the transition from a false collectivistic internationalism, represented by the feudal hierarchy of the Catholic League, by Philip II and the Duke of Guise (shown as having employed a technique almost identical with that of contemporary fascism), toward a national Protestant unity, based on peace, freedom, and tolerance, and supported by the middle and part of the working classes. Young Henry is the rallying point in this struggle, in the course of which he suffers exile and experiences the Saint Bartholomew purge. We meet the Van der Lubbes, the "Jews" (the Huguenots), our Goebbels and Hitlers. Henry begins as a carefree, laughter-loving, impetuous young man, clambering among the jutting rocks of the Pyrenees, excitedly sensuous, absorbed in the raptures of his multiple love-affairs, disposed to easy forgiving and forgetting. This Henry "dies" in the crucible of Saint Bartholomew. The massacre came unexpectedly (as 1933 and 1934 were "accidents" to some liberals), but through it, Henry is reborn. He learns hatred for his pitiless enemies, learns the use of guile and simulation. Above all, he learns patience. In short, Henry of Navarre becomes a militant humanist, and aided by a kind of people's army, routs his enemies and becomes king of France in 1589.

The choice of a well-known historical subject offers difficulties for artistic translation. The analogies must in part be peripheral, since history never repeats itself exactly. Thus, Mann shows the French masses as led and acted upon, rather than as determining forces. The historical period appears in the form of pageants, of personal intrigues and palace-revolutions. Abductions, murders, massacres are decisive, and often they seem chance occurrences. Such apparently accidental configurations give the whole book an air of jumpy nervousness. (An attempt at balance is offered

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by the curious device of closing each section with a *moralité*—in old French.)

Of greater import is the figure of Henry, as a representative of the new freedom. We can certainly accept him as human in his waverings, his thoughtless generosity, his charm and valorousness. Yet, as a social and political protagonist of the humanist idea, Henry of Navarre seems ambiguous. He is driven more by a zest for dramatic adventurousness than by social conviction. He is irresistibly held by the glamor of the flesh, that so often serves him as a refuge from his humiliations. His struggle in behalf of Protestant tolerance is determined less by the idea than by the fortuitous constellation of his royal house, by his mother's hatred for Catherine de Medici and his own political position as King of Navarre, placed in opposition to the reactionary triumvirate of Philip II, the Catholic League, and Catherine. Although the *moralité* insists that in King Henry we have the auspicious historical beginning of a great leader-"worker," interested in reducing the hardships of the masses, he remains, despite his democratic personality and human warmth, a pleasure-seeking, self-indulgent playboy. In short, artistic fidelity to the subject matter (and Mann follows the historic judgment that the soldier-king was "more subtle than profound, more brilliant than steady"), produces an ironic questioning as to Henry's moral elevation over his adversaries.

Throughout this work, ethical patterns are shown as crossed by the element of guilt. Militancy (shedding of blood) appears as a cornerstone of humanism. Are these the questions, the dialectic "other side," the equivocal and inescapable human-all-too-human, that Mann's art depicts, even as his political essays unqualifiedly champion the humanity of the anti-fascist struggle? Does it suggest that even such human frailties as Henry possessed can be channelized into positive political directions?

In Feuchtwanger's *The Pretender,* we again have historic identification. Terence, the potter, is made into a sawdust Cæsar, an impostor-dictator, representing the dead Emperor Nero. Terence, who bore a remarkable resemblance to Nero, once impersonated him in the Senate. Since then, Terence's secret wish was to be Nero. This dream is actualized when the Roman Senator Varro hits on the scheme to use Terence for spreading the idea that Nero was not dead, but had escaped, taking the name of Terence. The hoax proves successful in the province of Syria, where Roman taxes under Emperor Titus were high. Terence's rule is marked by violence, great public shows, and speeches. Again, we have a Reichstag fire (the inundation by the river Euphrates), a Van der Lubbe, a Helldorf-week of "knives and daggers." The Christians become the Jews of the time, condemned as "enemies of the family and of property, capable of any crime." We have our Goering in the pompous and violent general Trebonius, our Goebbels in the sly and unscrupulous Knops, our Roehm in Lucian, and finally the inevitable purge. The story ends with Terence's downfall after general disillusionment has set in among his followers and the new Roman Emperor Domitian decides on energetic methods to remove Terence.

Feuchtwanger is a gifted narrator, and *The Pretender* is a well-constructed novel of sustained interest and patient character-study. It is freer of the essayistic digressions on the evils of fascism that characterized parts of *Success* and *The Oppermanns*. On the other hand, while the earlier novels were uncompromising condemnations of fascist character, to the point of caricature, *The Pretender* presents a more human symbol of dictatorship. First, we have the wavering motivation for Varro's direction of Terence's rôle. There are stray suggestions that Varro's objective was to revive Alexander's idea of an international unity between Europe (Rome) and Asia. Yet, the story itself concentrates on Varro's personal whim to humiliate the Roman governor of Syria. Aside from that, Varro's position is that of a Schacht behind the throne, when he is not occupied with his libertine escapades. After Terence's downfall, Varro abandons his lustful striving for power and, like Jud Suess, embraces Eastern submission. And Terence-Nero? He plays the game, as directed, but his heart is not in it. Upon becoming Nero (a kind of death being involved in his change of identity), he constructs for himself a burial chamber and spends his "real" moments among his bats in the dark. Indeed, following his inner breakdown, the author treats him with distinct sympathy, as a simple man, not without culture, who disintegrates by being driven to impersonation (a kind of personal exile). Through this act, Terence has lost his home (indicated by the murder of his sensible, earthy wife Caia) and thereafter wanders about, a lonely Ahasuerus in a strange world.

It is clear that Terence cannot be taken as a simple representation of ruthless dictatorship. It seems to us that Feuchtwanger has created here (possibly unwittingly) a composite symbol of estrangement. It contains the split character of dictators. But, it also suggests the alienation suffered by the exiles, uprooted and homeless, forced to chart their ways in foreign lands amidst strange tongues. We are told that Nero-Terence lost his self-confidence after he had Caia killed. "Ridiculous as it might seem, the magical assurance which had enabled him to act the emperor so calmly came from poor vulgar Caia." The polar symbolism in the novel accounts for the presentation of Terence-Nero as villainous and pitiable. The book closes with the consolatory reflection that all evil is a means toward the kingdom of righteousness. "Without Satan, without the Antichrist, Christ himself was unthinkable . . . And for that reason, the kingdom of Nero and his ape was necessary and therefore reasonable." This sounds dangerously like right-wing Hegelianism. Together with the book's motto from Ecclesiastes: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be" (an ambiguous historical perspective for one whose consciousness has been clearly awakened to the new that is being built in the Soviet Union), they spell a curious mixture of optimism and pessimism that seems forced out of an alien atmosphere.

The two novels illuminate one of the most fascinating and elusive problems in literary criticism, namely the relation between the artistic process and the artist's ideology. As shown here, this relationship is not one of literal translation. The total meaning is more truly (and even *quite differently*) revealed by the "how" of the process in the course of which the idea is presented than by

For the New Year E. Davis

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the more formal and forensic summaries wherein an author states his position.

The works under review still suggest the painful rifts produced by the fascist avalanche. At the same time, they show a subtler approach, applied on a wider front. The novels of Mann and Feuchtwanger are evidence that the fascist glare is no longer blinding the æsthetic vision, that a working art-strategy is being found. The picture of the fate suffered by the Protestants in the sixteenth century and by the Christians in Nero's age is an eloquent historical analogy to the ordeal meted out to the "Jews" of today, that is to those of any creed, religion, and race who are anti-fascist. That despite conditions of unparalleled brutal immediacy, the exiled writers are creating works of historic imagination, of poise and power, is a promise of a greater fulfillment that awaits the time when they return to their native soil, freed from the temporary foreign occupation by the brown legions.

HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Sharecropper Agonistes

THE GARDEN OF ADONIS, *by Caroline Gordon. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.*

IT IS heartening, after the deluge that has followed *Gone with the Wind,* to find one of the literary Confederates turning her attention to the present-day South. Miss Gordon, who earlier in 1937 contributed to that deluge with her *None Shall Look Back,* is one of the few novelists in the Southern Agrarian group, and her work is of note not only because of her own considerable skill but also because so little other creative work outside the field of poetry comes from that school.

In *The Garden of Adonis* she presents sharecropper, planter, and mill-owner; each, in his respective section of the canvas, is carefully and faithfully drawn, as is the background of Alabama and Kentucky tobacco country. What one misses in the picture is composition—a disposal of the figures which will bring out the unique developmental features of the tenant-farmer system as it hurtles toward its crisis. Miss Gordon has pursued a rather elaborate counterpoint of her characters, but it is largely an arbitrary one; although she starts with an excellent depiction of a sharecropper family (I do not recall having ever before seen the speech of the southern poor white so faithfully rendered), the main part of the book is devoted to the marital relationships of her upper-crust characters, and the reader has too long a wait before the author returns to the kingdom of necessity.

When she does, she makes us feel very keenly the endless trudging on an ever-narrowing path that is the lot of the sharecropper, and the ever-increasing burden heaped by finance capital on the shoulders of the middle-sized planter. But the destitution and frustration of the former and the impending bankruptcy of the latter are here dealt with in

A. Marculescu

much the same manner as drought is dealt with—as aspects of a fate against which man can take up no arms. Ote Mortimer, son of a tenant family and central male figure of the book, has spent, before the story opens, a year or so in a factory in Detroit, but the only effect this has had on him has been to spoil him for a while for life on the plantation. When he recovers his love for the land, he is once more the complete individual which the Southern Agrarians would like us to believe the agricultural worker is by nature. Could a man work, for however short a time, in an auto factory these days, and return to his native South with the same outlook with which he left it? For that matter, could a man with the perceptiveness and sensitivity of an Ote Mortimer, even though he never left the land, undergo the pressures of tenant life without at least guessing at the collective nature of the act whereby he and his fellows might throw off their yoke? Yet Miss Gordon permits her hero only a single, personal gesture toward freedom, a gesture as futile as the Agrarian outlook itself.

RICHARD GREENLEAF.

Portrait of a Romantic Family

PEPITA, *by V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $3.*

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST is altogether gay and frank in laying bare the romantic lives of her parents and grandparents. She does her best to escape the charge of filial partiality, and quite succeeds in disarming the objections of the prudish. But it is well that her intention has stopped at this point. Whether she has been aware of it or not, her family requires defense from the more comprehensive charge of being too great a burden upon the commonwealth. And this second complaint obviously could not have been now-a-days so easily laughed away.

Her grandfather was a tight-mouthed diplomat who fell in love with a temperamental Spanish dancer and acknowledged a brood of illegitimate children. So much Miss Sackville-West freely admits. But she seems blind to the low I.Q. behind his reticence. She doesn't see his careerism as typical of the English gentleman who advances automatically in the diplomatic service until the embarrassment of his incompetence forces his retirement. After his death, the illegitimate daughter who became Miss Sackville-West's mother was accepted by the family, married a cousin, and unexpectedly came into possession of a title and the vast estate of Knole. Unlike her grandfather, the novelist's father sensibly attempted no public post beyond the confines of the county until the war called forth the reserves of manpower, and the story becomes that of her mother, who was even more intellectually limited than the rest of the family but possessed the doubtful attraction of a temperament.

The dancer Pepita's daughter lacked the shrewdness which poverty had vouchsafed her mother, but her mother's restless self-indulgence reappeared in the daughter inflated to absurd proportions by the security of wealth and social position. Out of whim she established a shop in London, but it failed. During the war she transformed Knole into a hospital, but closed it within a few weeks because one of the patients had offended her. She complained to Kitchener of the impossibility of running Knole with maids in place of butlers. At the close of the war, her husband, who seems to have brought a bit of courage home from the front, instituted a separation. But Pepita's daughter had been left a fortune by a gentleman friend, and proceeded to buy real estate in a forlorn part of Brighton, where she created an immense dining room that was never used, asked friends and strangers throughout England to subscribe to a Roof of Friendship Fund under her control, and bought her flowers from street peddlers. Miss Sackville-West finds this exhibition of childish petulance and folly at times somewhat trying. But she gives no hint of recognizing its larger significance. She remains unaware that her family history is only a single instance of the degeneration of English aristocracy that furnished the tone of post-war society and penetrated the ranks of royalty itself. She counts it only an amusing instance of her mother's frivolity that she came to worship Hitler as the savior of civilization, while she overworked, abused, and discharged her servants without warning.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Two-Gun, Two-Fisted Pioneers of the West

SLOGUM HOUSE, *by Marie Sandoz. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.*

THIS novel of pioneering days in Nebraska by an Atlantic prize-winner, though undeniably written with energy, is at bottom a revitalization of the old bad-man formula of the movies. Indeed, not excluding the handle-bar mustache and the fanged teeth, most of the men here are dressed up and made to mutter, curse, and stalk about in the approved manner.

Gulla Slogum came of "bad blood." Her

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brother's favorite sport is gelding pigs and men with a neat knife. A coarse, earthy girl, like Hardy's Annabella, she seduces Ruedy and then forces him to marry her. Scorned by his refined Ohio relatives she vows to be their superior through money. With her vaguely poetic husband and their children, she invades the ranch lands of the West, and starts a long process of accumulation. Under her guidance her two eldest sons become the night terror of the surrounding country; by murder and robbery they add to the Slogum stock. The two middle daughters are taught how to sleep, for the same ends, with the more "important" officials and visitors at their tavern. The eldest daughter remains bitterly aloof to her environment and to the love in her breast. The youngest boy is but a copy of his weak, ineffectual father; the youngest girl, after being trained at a finishing school to be a lady, comes home at last with a venereal disease. Through these lives runs the only important strain, Gulla's ruthless accumulation of acres, cattle, and money. The "good" people of the book move hazily in the background, are constantly being "crushed," are forever walking out into the night air. Only the criminals have vividness.

Apparently aware of her difficulty in bringing the non-villains to life, Miss Sandoz has frequent recourse to sharp, real pictures of land and sky by way of alleviation. This isolation in evil of her characters bespeaks the author's lack of any social orientation. The material cries out for historical perspective. If anything remains to be done in the "pioneer novel," it is the exposition of the absurdity of the Rousseauistic dream, to show how, with circumstance favoring social equality, colonization in the West actually followed the capitalist pattern. That the force was not pure evil is plain.

BERNARD D. N. GREBANIER.

★

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"Peter I" Sets a New High for Historical Films

ANOTHER historical film? You mean one of those costume films with rich silks and lush camera-work, with love winning the battle of Waterloo or sinking the Roman fleet? No, this is a truly historical film, with the riches of fact, with the honesty of untwisted history, with the romance of truth.

Peter the First is no usual film, nor do the comparisons it invites with previous historical films find any rival to it. It might almost be called the first historical film—untouched by scenaristic flops. It is adapted from the novel by Alexei Tolstoi by the author himself and the director, Vladimir Petrov, and the film tells its story with the colorful literary style of its source. But the making of this film was more than an adaptation of a novel. Its makers took on the task of furthering the research work on Peter's period—a task closer to the writing of history itself than to making a period film.

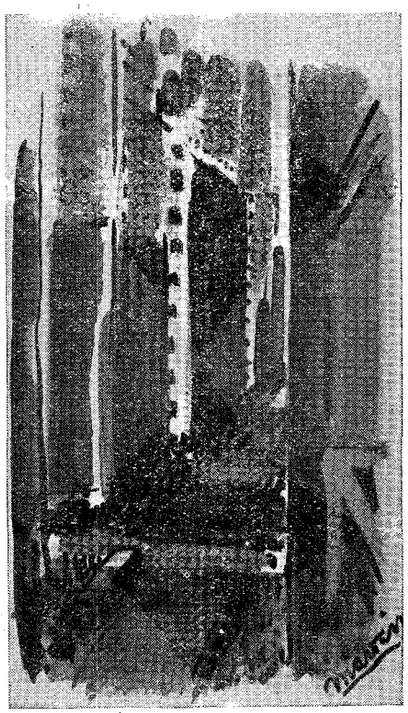
Underneath the swaggering violent portrait that earlier histories have painted of Peter, the film research uncovered the facts of Peter's progressive role in Russian history. Peter upset the feudal governmental and social customs of the Russia to which he fell heir, and left an empire in the hands of businessmen. This too-swift evolutionary process had its victims—it trod at once upon the very high and the very low, leaving the serf-peasant and the growing industrial class considerably barer and more miserable. But the merchants and manufacturers came into the high places, trained and spurred on by Peter himself. He established cultural and commercial contacts with the rest of the world, he fought for ports, he "opened a window on Europe," but, before he died, he had the satisfaction of seeing every important place in his empire in the hands of capable natives of his own training.

Petrov and Lenfilm have given us a film of these facts, miraculously well cast, and brilliantly acted. Nikolai Simonov creates a Peter of violent passions and constructive logic, an expansive, warm portrait that every film actor will envy for its reality and temperament, alongside of which an earlier Peter the Great, played by Jannings, dims and disappears. As his son Alexei, Nikolai Cherkassov, whom we know best as the Baltic deputy, amazes us with a characterization as far from that of Professor Polezhayev as is humanly possible. Considering that he was working on the two films simultaneously, we must justly apply the much misused word "great" to Cherkassov's Alexei, who clings to the past, hating his father, and wishing, with every frightened glance, his death. The progress upward from servant girl to empress is a task fulfilled richly by Alla Tarasova, who embodies Catherine in a wealth of small homely gestures—a beautiful earthy portrait. The wily vulgarities of Sheremetiev and Menshikov are completely comprehended in the portrayals of Tarkhanov and Zharov, both actors of long film experience. The photography, by Gordanov and Yakovlev, conveys atmosphere and texture that we haven't seen since the glorious early period of Swedish films.

Among contemporary film directors, no one's opinions carry more weight in the field of historical films than do the statements of the director of *Pasteur* and *Zola*. When William Dieterle says of *Peter the First* that it is "one of the finest films ever made," we can believe that it is. It has established a standard that all historical films, whether made in the Soviet Union, Europe, or America, will aim at for years to come.

EUGENE HILL.

JACQUES DEVAL, author and director of *Club de Femmes* and author of last year's hit, *Tovarich*, claims that his title has no political significance, in spite of the fact that his play deals with White Russians in Paris and their battle of words with a Soviet commissar who (according to the play) has been known for his cruelty. Anatol Litwak who did such romantic things with the *Mayerling* story was assigned by Warner Bros. to direct the film. With two such big box-office names as Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert and with the play a Broadway "hit," the producers insisted that *Tovarich* was another big production in the manner of *Zola*.



Martin

But *Tovarich* isn't big. And it isn't pure farce or politics. It is, in its best moments, a finely shaded and subtle dramatization of human relationships. One is able to read into the tragedy of the disintegrating members of the former Russian nobility. Tatiana (Miss Colbert) and Mikhail (Charles Boyer) are not even typical of the so-called White Russians in Paris. For despite the fact that they have been reduced to poverty (this is an old theme) Mikhail has in the Bank of France a fortune of four billion francs—money which was given to him by the czar before the revolution. Mikhail is a knave who doesn't want to work, but on the other hand, he refuses to finance a counter-revolution.

Finally the couple enter the service of a French banking family as maid and butler. If the Duponts represent the French upper classes, then one can read into the film mild, and occasionally very funny, satire. There is a third portion of the film in which Basil Rathbone as the dreaded commissar persuades the royal couple to turn the fortune over to the people of Russia. It is beautiful passage (if somewhat incredible) which owes its entire success to the way Basil Rathbone portrays Commissar Grotchenko.

Director Litwak has made success of putting the accent on comedy and romance. He has committed the fatal mistake in opening the film with a carnival in the manner of *Mayerling*. Just because that overrated film is successful doesn't mean that the method of that film is a universal one. Boyer is charming, but for the most part difficult to understand. Miss Colbert is romantic (how she plays the guitar and sings nostalgic Russian songs!), but unconvincing as a former grand duchess.

First Lady (Warner Bros.) which is based on a George Kaufman play about Washington society politics is billed as satire. It's as dull as dishwater, with Kay Francis at her usual low level. The navy comes in for the annual recruiting films with romance, adventure, and thrills via *Submarine D-1* and *Navy Blue and Gold* (M.G.M.).

Nothing Sacred (Selznick International-United Artists) is another example of American film satire which fails to come off. The script is from the pen of Ben Hecht and the film suffers from the usual Hechtian cynical images and lines about the hypocrisy of New York life, yellow journalism, and rural rugged individualism. It is the story of a young girl (Carol Lombard) who is reputedly dying of radium poisoning and who comes to New York under the sponsorship of a tabloid newspaper and its star reporter (Frederick March) where the "brave" girl is given the town. Of course the girl only wanted to see New York and the newspaper wanted circulation; and

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Have You Got the NAME?

not dwell on forms of death and destruction, according to Mr. Hecht, New York was waiting to play the sucker again. No this isn't a *Front Page* and it isn't satire (in spite of some very obvious "bitter" symbols) because it isn't honest and real. The use of technicolor seems to fit the story and treatment like a glove. In spite of its technical perfection, the color is unreal, flat, and in many instances a very obvious fake. PETER ELLIS.

Waltzes and Chandeliers Make Two Musicals

WELL, I never thought I was going to see Maxim's again, but the Shuberts, like the Bourbons, never learn anything and never forget anything, a habit of mind which resulted last week in two musicals from the firm, *Between the Devil* and *Three Waltzes*, both from the early primitive or *Student Prince* period.

Maxim's turned up in *Three Waltzes*, which those Broadway Santa Clauses, Lee and Jake, offered December 25 at the Majestic Theater, as a scene in a long tale about three generations of Hiller girls who, it seems, danced to the music of those Viennese Strauss boys, Johann senior and junior who spelled their name with two s's and to the tunes of Oscar Straus who manages with only one.

Oscar has rearranged the waltz music of his predecessors, making two acts out of it and added a third act of his own stuff. The comparison does him no good, but that is only one of the things the matter with *Three Waltzes*. The story starts in 1865 with Glenn Anders, as a theatrical manager, interfering with the marriage of Kitty Carlisle to Michael Bartlett, of the von Hohenbrunn Bartletts. The same pair, with Mr. Anders still around, try to get married in 1900, in Maxim's in Paris. (Historical note: Donald Brian positively does not appear and sing the "Merry Widow" waltz.) In act three the slow-moving Hohenbrunn and Hiller families are still trying to intermarry, and with a little help from Oscar Straus it is indicated that boy will get girl immediately following the curtain. The third act is set in an English film studio in 1938, representing a distinct advance in the art of musical comedy plots. Instead of a dream, the affair turns out to be a class B picture with the principals making a movie out of their lives and those of their torpid forebears. Maybe that waltz music put them to sleep. Mr. Anders, if you want to know, is still around in 1938, as an eighty-seven-year-old gaffer, author of the film which is being taken on the stage.

There is supposed to be a considerable body of people who love these antique shows, and for them it may be all right, but I suspect them to be a dying generation. Certainly nobody is going to be much interested in the can-can or moon-June-spoon songs after the vitality of *Pins and Needles*. Yes, we have the can-can too, in *Three Waltzes* and we have a modicum

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of humor also. It is funny enough to amuse Jake Shubert, but not you and me, although there was one genuinely amusing scene where Mr. Anders, as an old gaffer, objects to seeing himself portrayed in the film by a pansy. The other principal performers, Kitty Carlisle and Michael Bartlett, were all right, Miss Carlisle being able to cope with these things. Mr. Bartlett was all right, too, in his way but his way is not my way. Stuck all over with cloves he would do nicely at a feast, but I prefer other singing actors. Mr. Bartlett, here singing his first big role on Broadway, is a combination of all the strutting, heel-clicking, pseudo-Hapsburgs that have cluttered the musical-comedy stage for thirty years. His voice is pleasant enough.

The other chromo of the week *Between the Devil,* at the Imperial Theater is not so bad, having fewer of the vices of the love in Vienna school. It has a vastly superior score and a trio of ingratiating actors—Jack Buchanan, Adele Dixon, and Evelyn Laye. The plot is fashioned on a venerable pattern, telling of how Mr. Buchanan was called Peter Anthony in London where he was married to Miss Laye, and Pierre Antoine in Paris where Miss Dixon was his wife. With the help of that novelty, the airplane, author Howard Dietz transfers Mr. Buchanan from place to place with great facility during the first act and the women in act two repeat the process. All the maneuvering to fix up the bigamist is to no avail, however, and with a mind to his two high-powered female stars, author Dietz takes the easiest way and puts the solution up to the audience, leaving Mr. Buchanan in a highly immoral state.

The composer, Arthur Schwartz, has a nice ear for melody and has turned out attractive numbers for *Between the Devil.* The three leading players introduce them with extreme competence, especially the newcomer, Adele Dixon, an English importation with a de luxe figger, big eyes, high cheekbones, and an interesting smile. She also pleases the ear, having an uncommonly able voice. The backgrounds are what are usually referred to as sumptuous, meaning lots of draperies, solid settings, and chandeliers. Blame the last on Hassard Short, the director (of both shows, incidentally) who has an interesting passion for chandeliers, a fascinating vice which was first apparent when he staged *The Great Waltz* several seasons ago. (Note: In *Pins and Needles* they have no chandeliers and a good show.)

JACK BURROWS.

American Artists' Congress Exhibition

WHAT is beauty, asked jesting Pilate. Beauty does not transgress etiquette or lacerate sensibility, does not descend on themes horrible to the sight or sickening to the stomach; beauty, saith this archetype of critic and layman too gentle for life's realities,

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must not portray the dreadful and ruinous havoc wrought by war and fascism everywhere today. By this effete standard, the American Artists' Congress exhibition, ended December 30, was a failure. On the contrary, by every criterion of living contemporary art, it was a success, a significant landmark in the evolution of our native culture, a beginning of exploration in new territory.

To be sure, the paintings, prints, photographs, and sculptures made use of subjects not pleasant to think on: devastation of air raids, rape of women, murder of civilian populations, savage onslaught of fascist invaders in Spain and China, and the counterpart of this aggression in the American industrial field where civil rights are daily denied citizens by police officers and militia who do not scruple to beat and shoot striking and picketing workers. Yet, since these issues are the most urgent of our time, the problems on which actual physical survival depends, what better themes can the artist choose to express his sense of the immediacy of life? That he can indeed choose none more dynamic and vital is proved by the exhibition's powerful impact. Not ennui, despair, sheer technical facility saying nothing, brilliant retreat from emptiness ruled the walls, but deep and passionate awareness of the artist's oneness with society. Those seeking meaning and significance in art will do well to study the work displayed.

These have to do with form and content, integration of style with subject-matter, and the line of demarcation between æsthetics and economics. Ultimately, of course, there is no separation between statement and meaning; and style becomes an instrument for the effective realization of the artist's creative ends. That desirable consummation is achieved when society has achieved a stable and secure organization, as has been true in certain great ages of the past and as will be true again when the contemporary historical process completes itself. In the meantime artists, like all other workers, are living in a difficult and arduous period of transition, which tests not only the integrity of their purposes but the ingenuity of their inventions. How shall artists today find forms and styles consonant with the new meanings they seek to express? That is the burning question, a question to which the American Artists' Congress exhibition gave back more hopeful answers than have been vouchsafed before.

Plainly there is no one set style for the contemporary social artist to follow, as realism, documentation, abstractionism, surrealism, romanticism. Not one inherited tradition from the past will be appropriated by the social vanguard and made the exclusive vehicle for the transmission of weighty social messages. Even the conception of "message," born out of bourgeois genes, but illegitimatized in the perilous post-war decade of non-intelligibility and non-communication, can never come back into circulation with the same meaning and validity as before; that is, a standard art went off when the world went off the gold standard.

But that art must have a meaning, a con-

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tent, a purpose, these are pretty generally accepted axioms among forward-looking artists of the present. The painting, the sculpture is certainly not thought of as being done for its own—or its maker's—sake alone. On the contrary, it is made for society, for the world, for the widest possible audience. Moreover, it wants to deal with relevant facts and experiences, not with pseudo-classical or mythological allegories, but with the life the artist knows and daily lives. Since that life, as said before, is instinct with war and civil strife, his art is bound to vibrate to the same rhythms and tensions. Yet because the artist, looking outward on the world, is a far different person from the artist looking inward to the depths of his own psyche, he will use whatever is his inherited tradition—realistic, abstractionist, or what—with new implications. New problems, technical and æsthetic, inevitably will arise; it is unthinkable, therefore, that his style will remain the same as he had before he sought to put the new wine of social content into the old bottles.

This process of change and transformation may be noted in the work included in the American Artists' Congress exhibition. Painting and sculpture take on a new muscularity, whatever the style, because they are faced with hard tasks and must have strength to fulfil them. The old languor and softness is passing, the old inertia and flaccid boredom; the men and women, the very buildings and landscapes of these artists have become energetic actors in the drama of life, the militant struggle against war and fascism, for peace and democracy. A real beginning in American art, with implications yet to be thoroughly assessed.

ELIZABETH NOBLE.

Young Composers Get a Hearing

IN the ordinary course of music reviewing, it may easily happen that many important trends and programs will go unnoticed until that time when someone by rare chance happens to bump right into them. Having actually discovered one such activity which will eventually interest larger and larger audiences, I intend henceforth to watch closely these side-paths of music and bring a few more of them to public light. One such fairly regular musical event is the series of composers' evenings given monthly at the Society of Professional Musicians at 1347 Sixth Avenue, New York.

These concerts are being enthusiastically received, and will delight everyone who takes an interest in the development and performance of contemporary music. The programs are made up entirely of the works of young American composers. Some of these have had one or two public hearings in concert or over the air. Others are here given their first public performance. Of the composers themselves, some are very young and at these concerts hear their works for the first time in the light of audible revelation. Other composers have

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fairly well-established reputations. But all the programs are consistently devoted to contemporary American compositions.

The last concert which I heard took place the latter part of December, the third of this series. A cursory list of works performed will give the reader an idea, although simply from the standpoint of form and instruments, of the variety of material heard. As to actual performance, each composition is handled by professional musicians who treat the work with the respect and competence usually reserved only for time-honored classics.

At this particular concert, an interesting sonata for piano by Morton Gould brought forth hearty and spontaneous applause from the audience. A set of *Three-Cornered Pieces* for flute, clarinet, and piano by Miriam Gidion caught in each piece another color. The rest of this program included an *Introduction and Rondo* for horn and piano by Aaron Jasspé, a quintet for strings and oboe by Henry Brant, and a sonata for violin and piano by Norman Dello Joio. The remaining concerts of the season will include works by Norman Macfaill, Genevieve Pitot, Alex North, Elie Siegmeister, Wallingford Riegger, and many other American composers whom audiences are becoming more and more interested in hearing. MARY MENK.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Football. The Auburn-Michigan football game broadcast from Miami, Sat., Jan. 1, 2 p.m., C.B.S.; Sugar Bowl football game—Louisiana State vs. Santa Clara, Sat., Jan. 1, 2 p.m., N.B.C. red; Rose Bowl game—University of Alabama vs. University of California, Sat., Jan. 1, 4:45 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Arturo Toscanini. The maestro conducts the N.B.C. Symphony orchestra in Shubert's symphony in C-Major, Beethoven's string quartet, Opus 135, and Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration,* Sat., Jan. 1, 10 p.m., N.B.C. red and blue.

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PLAYS

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Of Mice and Men (Music Box, N.Y.). John Steinbeck's warm novel of friendship between workers expertly dramatized and extremely well acted.

Julius Caesar (Mercury, N.Y.). Orson Welles's production of the Shakespearean play in modern clothes and with fascist overtones is one of the highlights of the current season.

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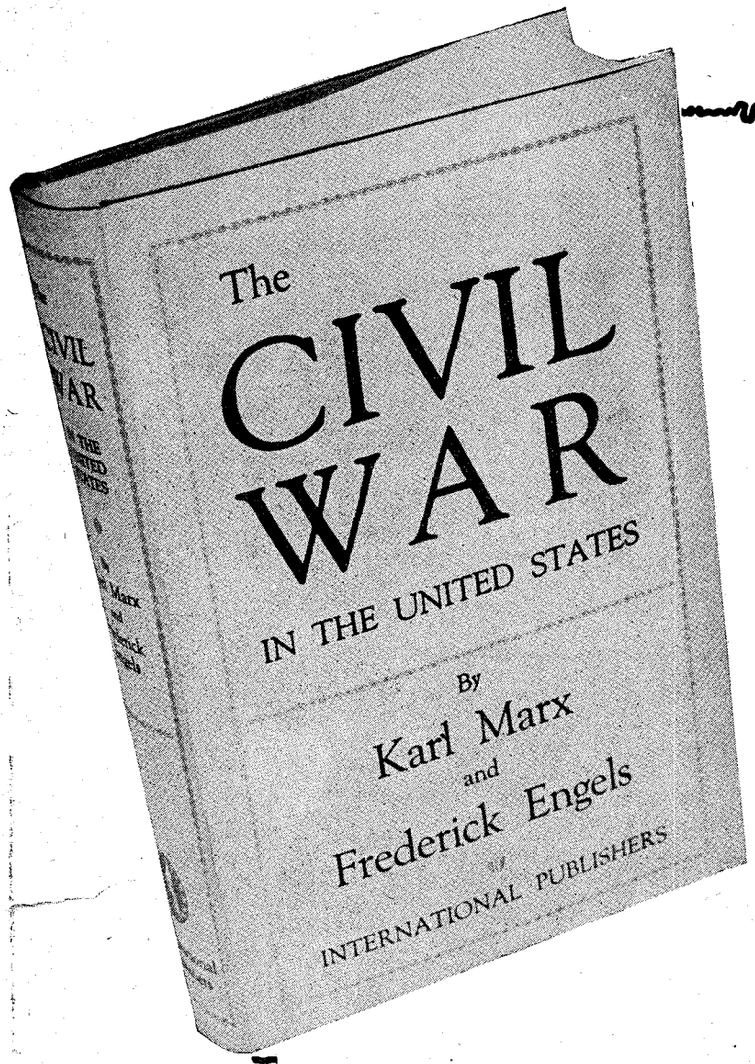

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